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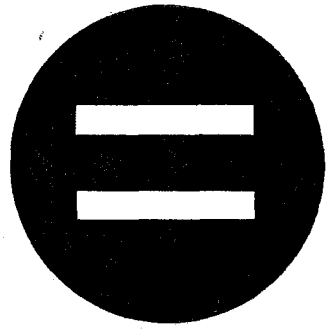

The Unsolved Equation

Book Reviews and Argument by

Martin Mayer, LeRoi Jones,
Nat Hentoff, Ronnie Dugger,
Marc Schleifer, A. B. Spellman

Union or Guild?

ORGANIZING THE TEACHERS . . . Stanley Elam

Chain Squeeze

THE POWER OF BIG FOOD . . . Desmond Smith

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LETTERS

Apologia?

Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Milgram and Paul Hollander in their article "The Murder They Heard" (*The Nation*, June 15) have written a detailed apologia for moral cowardice. . . . Their feeble disclaimer ". . . we have not intended to defend, certainly not to excuse, Kew Gardens' passive witnesses" is certainly unimpressive after they have practically convinced us that these witnesses did the only rational thing.

An honest attempt to understand such behavior is vitally important. However, an attempt to understand should not degenerate into the "that's the way it is, therefore that's the way it should be" fallacy. *Michael Rosen*

Sparta, Mich.

Dear Sirs: In their effort to provide us with a detached analysis of the apathetic behavior of the thirty-eight witnesses to the murder of Catherine Genovese, Mr. Milgram and Mr. Hollander seem to have missed the crucial point.

Their argument turns upon the unfounded assumption that it is erroneous to infer ethical values from a person's action in a concrete situation. Why? Is there a more accurate method of determining a person's actual, as opposed to professed, values?

James R. Anderson

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: The Milgram and Hollander article is the most brilliant analytical writing on an important social event that I have ever read. *Harold Clayton*

Causes of suicide

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his review of my book, *Suicide and Scandinavia* (*The Nation*, June 15), David Horowitz appears disoriented and unhappy at not being fed the clichés on which he was evidently nourished. He wants more Durkheim and more sociology.

It happens that Swedish problems with affectivity and Danish problems with passivity cut across class lines. As a consequence, the Swedish worker has something very crucial in common with the Swedish businessman that he does not have with the Norwegian worker. In Horowitz's sociological world, workers of the world should all be alike in capitalist societies. If they are not, the observations must be challenged, never the cliché. . . .

That the privileged in a country have more suicide than the underprivileged is old news. That both privileged and underprivileged in Denmark and Sweden have suicide rates three times those of their Norwegian counterparts requires explanation.

No such explanation can be found in Durkheim. Nor in Freud, for that matter. They are not bibles to be consulted for the answers to all problems. Horowitz's own discourse on alienation and the exploitative class in capitalist society is but a reflection of how sterile such an approach can be. Whatever validity there is in his remarks applies to all three Scandinavian countries and cannot serve to separate one from the other. . . .

Herbert Hendin, M.D.

Arms for all sides

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Meisler's article ("Get Your Gun from the Army," *The Nation*, June 8) has a *tone* of great hostility to the idea of American citizens owning guns, yet nowhere is any fact or argument given against it. . . .

While it is sometimes stated by the National Rifle Association that Americans should own guns as a guarantee against a Communist *coup d'état*, the remoteness of any such happening makes this argument practically nonsensical. Of much more import is the fact that various fanatical right-wing groups are reported to possess and train with firearms which, in a breakdown of law and order, could be used against civil libertarian groups, unions or minorities. . . . The NRA advocates the use of firearms for sport and for self-defense. Presumably, this would include defense against such "patriotic" terrorists as well as against common thieves.

Certainly those Americans most in need of defense against bodily harm today are the Negroes in the South. Probably the sum total of future violence there would be lessened if Negroes were armed to defend themselves. . . . Given present circumstances, citizens need the right of armed self-defense. *Robert E. Morgan*

The lambs

El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I thoroughly enjoyed Jean Martin's marvelous coverage of the Socialist Party Convention ("Lambs with a Dream; *The Nation*, June 15). Where but in *The Nation* could I keep informed of significant contemporary events? *Walter Gerstel*

Correction

In "Hate Clubs of the Air" by Fred J. Cook (*The Nation*, May 25), America's Future was described as the radio arm of the Committee for Constitutional Government. America's Future has informed us that no such connection exists.

THE NATION

Monday, June 29, 1964
Volume 198, No. 27

In this issue

EDITORIALS

641

ARTICLES

644 Russia's Europe: The Shifting Satellites *Alexander Werth*

646 Chain Squeeze: The Power of Big Food *Desmond Smith*

648 After Dark in St. Augustine *Martin Waldron*

651 Union or Guild? Organizing the Teachers *Stanley Elam*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

654 Tour of the Battlefield *Martin Mayer*

656 The View from Harlem *A. B. Spellman*

658 A Pacifier for J. Edgar *James Weinstein*

659 Old Times There Are Not Forgiven *Ronnie Dugger*

660 In the Ring (1) *William Ward*

661 In the Ring (2) *LeRoi Jones*

662 The 1,000 *Alan Kohlman*

663 Rhetoric and Relevance *Nat Hentoff*

664 for my unborn & wretched children (poem) *A. B. Spellman*

665 Sepia Deb Ball *Marc Schleifer*

666 The Light in Tom's Eye *Quandra Prettyman Stadler*

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 668) *Frank W. Lewis*

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Plight of the Moderates

Governor Scranton's belated but spirited entry into the GOP race is not likely to rescue the moderate or "liberal" Republicans from the desperate position in which they find themselves. How is one to account for such an exhibition of ineptness as they have put on? What has happened to the brilliant political leadership that enabled the eastern seaboard or "Establishment" wing of the party to win the nomination for Willkie, for Dewey (twice) and for Eisenhower (twice)? Attempts to attribute the decline to Governor Rockefeller's domestic problems or the failure to win timely concurrence on a strong "stop-Goldwater" candidate are misleading; it cuts much deeper than personalities.

By now it should be clear that the failure of leadership results from a series of miscalculations and defaults. The moderates, first of all, failed to perceive that, with the collapse of the "Left," political pressures have been moving to the Right, for the past fifteen years. This has reduced the margin of support which the moderates formerly enjoyed and also restricted their freedom of maneuver. The moderates also failed to perceive that the Republican Party in the South, which formerly could be manipulated or, if necessary, purchased, has turned "ideological" and militantly racist; in many areas, as in Alabama, it is well to the Right of Goldwater. The rise of new centers of wealth and industry (largely defense-oriented) in the "missile crescent" that extends from Canaveral to Houston, through Arizona, and on to Southern California, and the bid for political power that accompanied it, have also been ignored. The Eastern leaders underestimated the cumulative effects of the failure to reorganize the GOP during the eight Eisenhower years and of Nixon's avoidance of the problem in the 1960 period. They overlooked the appeal of President Kennedy and President Johnson to sections of moderate or liberal Republican opinion, including some extremely powerful and influential elements. No one recognized, much less tried to counter, the effects of fifteen years of right-wing propaganda and indoctrination at the grass roots which has had a marked effect on the *local* leadership of the party. (One wonders how long it has been, for example, since Walter Lippmann attended a service club luncheon in, say, Sioux Falls or Boise, Dallas or San Diego.) Out of touch with the grass roots, the Establishment has placed far too much reliance on manipulative political techniques and given far too little encouragement to sound organization and volunteer activity. The only "youth" movement in the GOP today is nourished by the right wing.

For these and other reasons, the moderates now find themselves in the humiliating position of appealing, as Mr. Lippmann did recently in *Newsweek*, to General Eisenhower as the "one man" who, at this "eleventh hour," might save the party of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt from "irreparable disaster." One would think that the General's exhibition at Cleveland, and in the days preceding and following, might make him the least promising of saviors. He lacks what it takes and, even if he had it, a great political party is in a bad way indeed when one man can make or break it. The measure of the moderates' failure is further indicated by the facts that though they can rely upon most of the Republican governors, eight U.S. Senators, the bulk of the press including the most influential Republican newspapers, and though they enjoy unlimited funds and a near-monopoly of the best talent in the party, they find themselves in such an ignominious position today. But more important than the failure of leadership is the failure to perceive what underlies it. Regardless of what happens at San Francisco or in November, a new political situation is shaping up, and it is not to be understood in terms of last year's maps and models, or yesterday's coalitions and alliances. Already enough is known about the 1964 election to warrant the conclusion that it will be more important for what it portends than for what it decides, and what it portends is realignment.

The Longer View

The always perceptive Robert M. Hutchins has said that we suffer from "a *status quo* syndrome." Yet we are not entirely static, and two events of the past few weeks hold out hope that the Republic is not about to perish from the earth. One is the 71 to 29 vote for cloture, which registered an impressive bipartisan political consensus that the federal government does have a responsibility to enforce the civil rights of citizens against denial by state action. As impressive as the vote itself were the clear indications of the extent to which time has eroded the Dixiecrat position. The die-hard old-line Dixiecrats were reported as "dispirited, while the more "flexible" members of the bloc — Smathers, Talmadge and Fulbright — clearly sense that time has run out on ancient dogma. The atmosphere which prevailed during the debate on cloture was in marked contrast with the sound and fury that echoed in Congress when the Dixiecrat Manifesto was adopted in 1956. The way is now open for early enactment of a much stronger civil rights program than seemed possible a year ago. It will not work miracles, but it will be of practical immediate assistance to the civil rights groups.

The second event is the Supreme Court's remarkable

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 13, July 27, Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

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decision on reapportionment, a decision which deals with political fundamentals. The interaction of these two events should add a new dimension to the democratic process. Chief Justice Warren said it well—legislators represent people, not trees or acres. In this latest reapportionment decision, the Court has scuttled the so-called "federal analogy" — the notion that since the Constitution provides for two Houses, one based on territory and one on population, the states are empowered to operate the same way. The analogy was false, and its falsity has now been nailed down.

American democracy has always been like a giant with one hand tied behind his back. The denial of the franchise to the Negro in the South created the Dixiecrat bloc, which through seniority, committee chairmanships and entrenched political machinery has acquired enormously inflated power. Similarly, city-dwelling voters have long had only a fraction of the political power of rural dwellers. If state legislation provided that a rural vote should have twice the value of an urban vote, blood would flow in the streets, yet we have long tolerated what amounts to the same thing.

Both these abuses are now on the way out. It will be some years before the full effects are felt, but felt they will be and sooner perhaps than we now think. The Negro's political power will be measurably enhanced: not only will more of them vote in the South, but their votes will count for more, notably in the Southern cities. Outside the South, the Negro vote is concentrated in the big cities and these cities will now have much greater representation in state legislature. For example, the Democrats may well capture control of the New York State legislature, and Negroes and Puerto Ricans should have their share of seats in that body. What the people, all the people, do with the new increment that is about to be added to their political power is another question; but two major fetters have now been removed from the body politic.

The Sabotage of Abundance

Desmond Smith's suggestion (p. 646) that unorganized consumers need protection against some of the practices that have come in the wake of the revolution in food marketing finds support in recent reports of Albert S. Pacetta, Market Commissioner of New York City (*The New York Times*, June 6). The 100 inspectors of the department are fighting "an uphill battle" to protect the consumer against food frauds. "The food distribution industry is at least two steps ahead of us," reports Mr. Pacetta, "by devising new schemes to reach into the purse of the helpless consumer." The commissioner's office turns up as many as 500 cases a week involving mislabeling of food, overpricing, weight shortages and adulteration.

The violators include some of the most highly reputed companies in the food distribution business (no names were mentioned in the news account), including chains and supermarkets. The most widespread violations are reported in the sale of meats, including—in the general pattern noted by Mr. Smith—misrepresentation, false advertising, short weight and adulteration. Nor is it surprising that the number of food-poisoning cases, as reported by the U. S. Public Health Service, should have shown, as it did, a sharp increase last year. "There is far more mass-produced food than ever before," reports Dr. Lawrence K. Altman of the Public Health Service in *The Wall Street Journal*, "and if something is contaminated, more people will fall victim to it. As the food industry becomes larger, there are more food handlers, increasing the chances of carelessness. Food processors may buy from more suppliers—more farms—which could provide a greater source for germs, too." The revolution in food marketing has been a boon to consumers in the respect noted by Mr. Smith, but it has also created new problems which require prompt attention. The concomitant of Big Food is, in a variety of forms, increased protection for consumers by government agencies. Protection for the consumer on the score of price and quality need not impose added burdens on the industry; it could prove to be, as Mr. Smith implies, a spur to consumption.

Going Up in Laos

Something resembling Charles Osgood's scheme to relieve international tensions is being applied in reverse by the U.S. Government in Laos. Instead of small concessions put forth in the expectation of reciprocal concessions, the Johnson Administration is following a policy of escalation by air. The ostensible reason for taking this risk is that we have been losing the war in South Vietnam and the Laotian neutralists, now our allies, are apparently unable to stand up against the Pathet Lao. The resulting "something must be done" situation was what the top civilian and military brains pondered at Honolulu.

They also had to consider, as *The Washington Post* put it editorially, that "what cannot be taken on the battlefield can hardly be claimed at the conference table." Hence the decision to try to improve the situation on the battlefield before going to the conference table; hence the overflights by U.S. carrier aircraft over the Plain of Jars, followed by ground-to-air fire by the Pathet Lao and the shooting up of the gun emplacements by our fighters. To make the meaning unmistakable, we also shot up the Pathet Lao headquarters and the Chinese cultural mission building nearby.

But this strong medicine may require more and more massive doses, nor does it go to the etiology of the disease. Our troubles in Indo-China are twofold: military and political. The military troubles can perhaps be cured — temporarily — by air power; that we have air supremacy over the whole peninsula is not open to doubt. But the political troubles! After all, we have been losing in South Vietnam not for purely military reasons, but because the people are predominantly on the side of the guerrillas. That is something that fighter aircraft and bombers cannot cure: if anything, they make matters worse. You can kill some of

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the miscreants, but the survivors hate you more than ever.

There is also the Chinese reaction to consider. As the United States has escalated its air sorties, the Chinese have been escalating their warnings — but there is a limit to that. If we attempt to build up our bargaining position beyond that limit, the Chinese must resort to counterforce on a scale beyond anything Indo-China has experienced so far. Korea showed that, man for man, the Chinese foot soldier is the equal of the American, even with the latter's superior equipment. In jungle fighting, air superiority is not decisive; the Vietcong have no air cover at all. Under Johnson, we may be sucking ourselves into the general Asian war that Eisenhower dreaded. If we resort to nuclear bombs, the Russians, who are obviously eager to stay out, may be forced to give the Chinese nuclear aid.

The decisions that Johnson is now making may not be his to make in the future. The local Pathet Lao commanders operate with some measure of autonomy, but this is not peculiar to Asia. As the shooting escalates, the power of the Pentagon, and that of the lieutenants and sergeants in the combat zone, will increase proportionately. There have already been broad hints that in a future war American fighting men will not tolerate the Washington halter which held them back in Korea. This may present a problem beyond the capacity of Mr. Johnson's "let us reason together."

The Chinese have been appealing for a conference of the fourteen nations which originally arranged the Laotian cease fire. Rather than gamble on a big war to settle a small one, Mr. Johnson might be well advised to do some of his reasoning with General de Gaulle, who might reason with the Chinese by way of the recently appointed Sino-French ambassadors.

Cable to Rome

In the unregenerate South, the Catholic Church has been the vanguard of the Christian attack on segregation (on many occasions, its members have been the only Christian soldiers in sight). But out in Los Angeles, a young priest has almost literally been moving heaven and earth to convince his archbishop that the race problem extends to the Pacific.

It began in 1960, when Father William H. DuBay, recently ordained, was assigned to Our Lady of Lourdes Church in Northridge, an exclusive Los Angeles suburb. In a church bulletin, Father DuBay compiled Catholic statements on racial brotherhood for the benefit of the parishioners who might be faced with Negro neighbors. In Northridge, "exclusive" has been given an explicit meaning by the real estate operators, and within a month the priest had been transferred to another parish and told by the secretary to Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, that "race was not a moral issue here."

In his new post Father DuBay preached a sermon (to a congregation many of whom were Negro) saying that race was indeed a moral issue; he thereupon found himself on the carpet in the archbishop's office. Cardinal McIntyre told him that racial problems were a matter for politicians, not for priests, and that there were many reasons for discrimination besides race. "After all," said the prince of the Church, "white parents have a right to protect their daughters." Soon after uttering this self-evident and irrelevant cliché of bigotry, Cardinal McIntyre disciplined a group of sixty seminarians for conversing with John Howard Griffin, the Catholic author of *Black Like Me*.

At this point, Father DuBay took the boldest step available to a priest: he cabled the Pope to request the removal of his archbishop on the ground of "gross malfeasance." That is a little like inviting God's lightning, but it seems possible that Father DuBay will survive his challenge. He was immediately removed from his administrative duties by the archbishop's office, but has not been forbidden to serve mass. Further, other priests in the area have openly sided with him, as has *Ramparts*, the West Coast Catholic magazine, and picket lines manned by good Catholics are springing up around the archbishop. One day, he had to sneak in by the back door to present diplomas to a graduating class of nurses.

More important, the Vatican has indicated that it will refer the priest's message to the Apostolic Delegation in Washington, D.C. Father DuBay is now on "retreat"; having made his point that, at least in Rome, California's race relations present a moral issue, he can thus accept the discipline of his superiors and escape martyrdom. The Church is today fighting hard against accusations that Pope Pius XII failed in his moral duty toward the victims of Hitler; it cannot afford — and indeed we do not think it deserves — a reputation for indifference to another oppressed minority. Father DuBay is indeed a brash young priest; he is the most recent in a long line of brash young men who have in times past been the conscience of the Mother Church. As for Cardinal McIntyre, we prefer that his coreligionists supply the epithet.

The Army Strikes Gold

According to the military brass that ordered and directed it, Desert Strike, the mock war game which has been stirring the sands of California, Arizona and Nevada for the last three months, produced a "gold mine" of information. That is gold country, of course, and the generals may well be right. They learned, for example, that if you want to mount a river crossing on a 140-mile front you need a lot of good engineers to get the men and equipment across. They learned that National Guard units can be depended upon to play their part in combat. They satisfied themselves that Americans can go any place in the world and outkill anyone they meet — Attila, the Scourge of God, asked no more than that.

However, thirty-six of the Desert Strike soldiers will not shoot it out with enemies as yet unnamed; they won't even get home to mow the lawn. They died in the sand — very careless of them, the generals say. As for other costs, the bill for Desert Strike was $61 million. A moderately expensive gold mine.

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Russia's Europe

The Shifting Satellites . . . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

We seem to have entered a period of waiting. Waiting to see what is to become of India now that Nehru is dead. Waiting to learn what kind of foreign policy President Johnson will have if he is re-elected. Waiting for the British general election. De Gaulle, after the false alarm of his recent operation, is about the only major figure of the Western world to stand like a rock — but for how long?

That in a pre-election period the United States President should have no clear foreign policy about anything (as Mr. George Ball's meeting with de Gaulle the other day seemed to show) is thought to be understandable. It was therefore the more surprising that President Johnson should, in his Virginia Military Institute speech of May 23, have started on what looked like a new kind of policy in Eastern Europe—a speech followed soon afterward by the spectacular trade deal with Rumania.

How significant is this new departure? The American press seems to have taken it very seriously, and even to have likened it to the Marshall Plan of 1947, which transformed Western Europe. The European press tends to play it down, except as an American attempt to cash in on differences that have arisen between Rumania and the Soviet Union on two important points: the Rumanians' reluctance to "choose" between China and the Soviet Union, and their unwillingness to take part in Comecon as a mere supplier of oil, food and raw materials to the rest of the Soviet bloc, without any major industrialization of their own. That Johnson's "bridges" represented the beginning of a major long-term policy is very much doubted.

One prevalent observation is that, of all the East-European countries, Rumania is probably least affected by the German problem and, in this respect, has many points in common with Yugoslavia. But if Yugoslavia was expendable from the viewpoint of Russian strategy, Rumania, with a long common frontier with the Soviet Union, is much less so. As long as NATO and the Warsaw Pact survive, it is hard to imagine how Rumania could go neutral. When Hungary attempted it eight years ago, the Russian tanks moved in.

If neutrality is the Rumanian leaders' secret wish, they are very careful not to hint of it to the Russians. Formally, relations continue to be cordial; while one top Rumanian was negotiating in the United States, another, Mr. Stoica, had a "cordial and friendly" talk with Mr. Khrushchev. But the Russian press has never officially disclosed the resolution adopted in Bucharest last April suggesting a desire for greater economic and political independence; nor has it said much, if anything, about Rumania's attempt to play the honest broker between Moscow and Peking—though the very absence of any Rumanian declaration supporting Moscow cannot have passed unobserved. Of the Khrushchev-Stoica talk little was made public, except that both declared "their common respect for the Comecon declaration in the summer of 1962." The correspondent of *Le Monde* wrote: "As far as the general public is concerned, Soviet-Rumanian relations continue to be handled with extreme caution." He added, however, that "a certain sourness" could be observed in the Russian attitude to Rumania, and that this "sourness" may well have become even more acid since announcement of the Washington deal.

The truth is that twenty years have passed since Rumania and Hungary, two of Hitler's principal satellites, were defeated by the Red Army. The inferiority complex, which wore off more quickly in Hungary, is now wearing off in Rumania, too; national self-consciousness has grown in that potentially rich and prosperous country, and the fact that after last year's drought in Russia, Big Brother had to buy or borrow large quantities of wheat from them had an extraordinary psychological effect on the Rumanians. Not much love has ever been lost between Russia and Rumania. The latter is not even a Slav country, and the Russians have treated it with a nationalist condescension, if not downright contempt, that dates back to Czarist days but is still going strong. Such old Russian wisecracks as that the Rumanians are "not a nation, but a profession" have rankled.

Nor is there much affection to unite Rumanians and Hungarians. The Rumanians appear to have drawn two conclusions from Khrushchev's recent visit to Hungary: first, his fulsome acknowledgment of Hungary as Russia's best friend, despite the increasingly "Western" way of life that is developing there, suggested that Russia was not quite certain of her standing in Central Europe; second, his cordiality was probably intended to imply that he was much less satisfied with Hungary's old rival, Rumania. There is, I hear, some talk in Moscow about Rumania's "ingratitude" since, territorially, it came out of World War II much better than did Hungary.

Non-Slav Hungary and Rumania are, at least psychologically, the least integrated of the East European satellites, and there is a suspicion in Moscow that Johnson traded rather skillfully on the latent nationalist (and anti-Russian) reaction that has developed in Rumania. Toward Hungary, however, Khrushchev now extends the velvet glove—in contrast to the mailed fist of 1956.

Poland and Czechoslovakia, while both Slav countries, have widely differing attitudes to Russia. Catholic Poland, separated from Russia by century-long feuds, was for many years after the war the most rebellious, or at any rate most reluctant, of Russia's satellites. Since the establishment of the Gomulka regime in 1956 and the rapid elimination of Stalinization in that country, Poland has become Russia's most reliable ally, despite a continuing mutual antipathy. But Poland goes her own way economically, with only a small degree of agricultural collectivization; and if Gomulka has latterly clamped down on the extraordinary intellectual freedom that flourished in 1956-57, this is attributed less to Russian pressure than to his home-grown Communist outlook.

Czechoslovakia, more subservient

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than Poland and, indeed, Stalinite much longer than the other countries of Central and Eastern Europe, is now gradually becoming more liberal. But what in any case unites the Soviet Union, Poland and Czechoslovakia is their common attitude toward the German danger. West Germany has never officially abandoned Poland's "Western territories" (Danzig, Stettin, Breslau and East Prussia) or Czechoslovakia's Sudetenland. Russia is committed to defending the existing frontiers against German encroachments—and that is a virtual guarantee that Czechoslovakia and Poland will remain in the Russian camp, whatever their economic and cultural ties with the West. Until those frontiers are officially recognized by the whole West, including West Germany, Western plans to detach Czechoslovakia and Poland from Russia will fail.

To many in the West the great anomaly in the Soviet bloc is East Germany and, as the Russians see it, the Western challenge is here the most serious of all. Walter Ulbricht himself, in his May 29 Moscow speech, referred to East Germany as "the most complicated place in the whole of Europe," where it was therefore particularly important to "demonstrate the feasibility of peaceful coexistence." The recent NATO communiqué took an extremely tough line about East Germany when it spoke of the need to unite Germany on a basis of self-determination. Far from making headway, the idea of recognizing East Germany *de facto* or even *de jure*, which until recently was widespread (for example in the British Labour Party), has receded. Yet Khrushchev is adamant on the question. In his welcoming speech to Ulbricht he said:

Now, on one-fourth of the territory of the former Reich, a Socialist workers' republic has been firmly established. We have no doubt that, in the end, socialism will win in the whole of Germany. . . . The consolidation of the German Democratic Republic has been further strengthened by the measures taken to reinforce its frontiers. There is now an unbreakable wall to stop the provocateurs, diversionists and speculators. It is right that this should be so; for a state without frontiers is like a house without walls.

In short, the Berlin wall was vital, and the question of a united

Germany simply does not arise, except in that remote "Socialist future" at which Khrushchev hinted in his speech of welcome. Ulbricht himself took up the subject at Sverdlovsk on June 1:

When I am asked how relations are to develop in future between the two German states, I want to say this: the quintessence of the German problem is the preservation of peace. . . . That is why both German states must make a peace treaty and renounce nuclear weapons, and agree on general and complete disarmament. It is in the interests of world peace that normal relations should be established between the two German states. We are sure that, with the help of the Soviet Union, we shall achieve the recognition of the full equality between these two states. Thus a peace treaty could be concluded, which would also settle the problem of West Berlin.

He said that the two German states were developing along entirely different lines, and it was no use trying to mix fire and water. He also dwelt on the "aggressive nature" of West German militarism—a constant threat not only to East Germany but to Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union itself.

Ulbricht further argued that, despite the difficulties created for East Germany by West Germany and the West generally, his country had become a going concern whose production had trebled since 1950, and would this year be equal to that of the whole of Germany in 1936, even though its area was only one-fourth that of the former Reich. East Germany was now the tenth largest industrial power in the world. At the same time, Ulbricht continues to think, more perhaps than any other Eastern leader, in terms of the closest economic coordination between the powers of the Socialist bloc. On this point, his Sverdlovsk speech contained what seemed to be a veiled criticism of Rumania:

As a great industrial power, but one with a food deficit, we are particularly interested in the rapid development of coordination among all the members of Comecon. I believe this to be vital, not only for East Germany but for all its members. Science and technology have reached such a high level that anyone slowing down further specialization and the division of labor is causing us all much damage.

The rest of his speech was devoted to criticizing the "adventurous" policy of China and to paying compliments to Khrushchev on his successful visit to Egypt—which

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showed that the Socialist system was making itself felt on the Mediterranean and beyond.

In the present international context the commotion made in the Soviet press over the Ulbricht visit is of considerable interest. The Socialist bloc of Eastern Europe may well have been weakened in a variety of ways. Yugoslavia broke from it long ago. Rumania, without actually cutting its Russian ties, is for the present pursuing a more and more independent "Communist" line of her own (a very sharp reaction from the Soviet Union one of these days is not entirely improbable). Hungary is part of the Soviet bloc more in name than in fact; its whole way of life is becoming increasingly Western — without, apparently, unduly inconveniencing Moscow. Some Moscow observers go so far as to say that in the end Russia may let both Rumania and Hungary go neutral, but that still seems a very distant eventuality. Still, the hard core of the Soviet bloc is East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia; and here, short of a final settlement of the German "problem"—a settlement that would mean the disappearance of NATO, the disarmament of both Germanys and the full acceptance by all of the Polish and Czechoslovak frontiers —no "bridges" from the United States can make the slightest difference. East Germany may be an artificial creation, but the Russians will not let it go, for reasons of the most elementary military security. Poland and Czechoslovakia take precisely the same view, regardless of their private views on socialism or the Russians. They are all in the same boat.

No doubt there are some prophets —de Gaulle was one and Paul Reynaud now joins him—who can take such a very long view that already they see Russia and the whole of Eastern Europe "joining up with the West" against the "yellow multitudes of China." "In twenty or thirty years," Reynaud said. But that is pure soothsaying. For the present, there may be some nibbling at the "Eastern bloc," but its hard core—Russia, East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia — cannot break up as long as West Germany continues to be what it is.

Chain Squeeze

The Power of Big Food . . . . . Desmond Smith

Big Food, the $70 billion a year supermarket industry which has wiped out 140,000 family-owned grocery stores since the end of World War II, is now drawing a bead on its suppliers. Tomato growers in Texas, food canners in California, poultry farms in Alabama are among a dozen or so producing groups that have succumbed to the pythonlike embrace of the food chains in recent years. But the latest group marked for extinction, the Western livestock producers, have proved more difficult to swallow. The battle for control of the stockyards, to the chagrin of Big Food, has suddenly shifted from the board rooms of the giant supermarket chains to the White House. President Johnson, a cattleman himself, has asked Congress to move quickly on a bill that will provide funds and authority for a national commission "to study and appraise the changes taking place in the American food industry." Chain-store officials have yelled "election year politics," but will find it hard to sustain the charge. The President has deliberately emphasized the bipartisan make-up of his proposed commission.

The importance President Johnson attaches to this inquiry reflects, to some extent, a concern for the Administration's farm program — where the matter of surpluses still awaits the logic of a Keynesian solution. But at least as urgent a motive is President Johnson's knowledge that (as he mentioned earlier this year in his message on agriculture) "while there are 200,000 retail grocery stores in the United States, $1 out of every $2 spent for groceries goes to fewer than 100 corporate, voluntary or cooperative chains."

The market power of Big Food has been growing for some time; the plight of the livestock producers gave it the status of a national problem. The $8 billion a year beef cattle business is today in the middle of a slump that is being compared to the worst days of the depression. Cattlemen put the blame on the chain stores which, they claim, have moved in on the feed lot and the cattle range with a big stick. They point out that retail beef sales through the chains now represent about 85 per cent of the total retail sales of beef. The big stick carried by the food chains is their "take it or leave it" buying power. As Senator Albert Gore (D., Tenn.) noted in Congress recently, "Something is wrong when livestock values drop by something like 25 per cent over a period of about fifteen months, without any appreciable drop in the prices paid for meat by housewives."

Ever since the supermarket came to maturity in 1948, the great fight for the consumer's food dollar—the biggest item in the family budget—has found the chains engaged in an economic war. Ironically, food chains such as the A&P were late in changing over to the supermarket concept. It was, in fact, the independent grocer, looking for a way to beat the chains in the 1920s, who pioneered the idea of the self-service store. By the early 1950s the change from neighborhood shopping to automobile shopping created the shopping center, and the chains switched to supermarkets. How successful that policy has been is spectacularly demonstrated by America's biggest food chain, the A&P. In 1946, the company operated 15,000 colonial-trimmed grocery stores. Today, the number has been cut back to 4,500 brick-faced, no-nonsense supermarkets. Despite the reduction of outlets, profits bounded. In 1962, the A&P earned $60 million after taxes.

In 1920, anyone with a couple of thousand dollars could start a small (1,000 square foot) supermarket. In the postwar decade the average supermarket covered 9,000 square feet and required an invest-

Desmond Smith is a regular contributor to The Economist *(London).*

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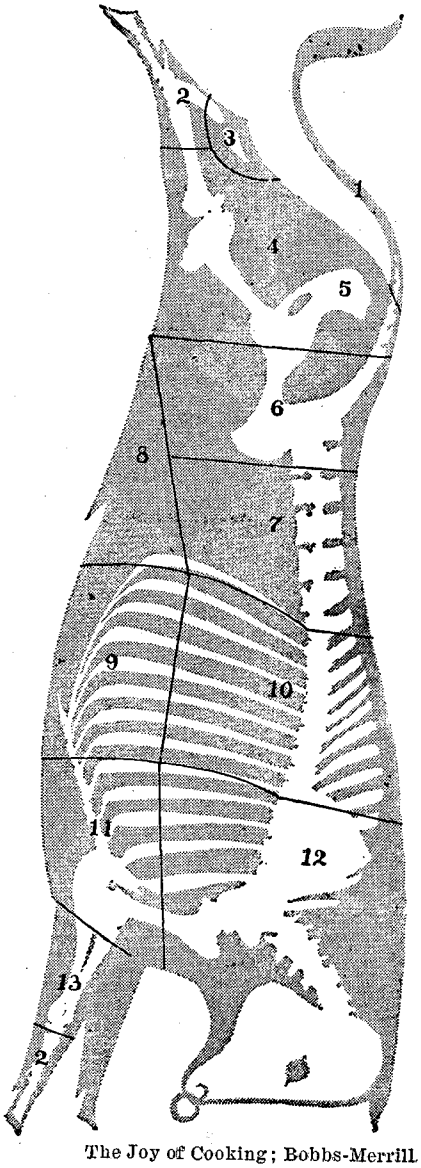
ment of at least $300,000. And even when the local food-store operator had the necessary cash he often found himself shut out of the shopping center. The answer was always the same. The center's developer needed long-term financing; the finance agency — usually an insurance company — considered a national chain a more desirable tenant than a local merchant.

By the mid-1950s, phase one of the war—the removal of the corner grocer—was over except for minor pockets of resistance. Phase two was to prove a much more deadly battle. The chain stores began to cut into one another's markets. When all else failed, that old standby of big business, the merger, was used. The Federal Trade Commission noted in a complaint against the Kroger Co.: "Twenty per cent of the grocery stores in the United States account for over 72 per cent of the total grocery store sales in the country. From 1954 to 1957 some 36 corporations absorbed 88 grocery chains and thereby acquired . . . over $1½ billion in total sales."

It would be wrong to conclude that the supermarket revolution is without its supporters. Whatever sociologists may feel about the disappearance of the cracker barrel, the housewife has few regrets. She appreciates such features as refrigerated counters, pre-packed "convenience" foods, frozen orange juice, and the enormous improvement in sanitary food-handling methods that are part of the big change in food retailing. But even though the food chains deserve much of the credit for these gains, one still asks whether it has been prudent to leave the shaping of this marketing change entirely in the hands of the big food chains. More specifically, one wonders how long this country can muddle along without a Department of Consumer Affairs.

Congressional inquiries have turned up damaging testimony against the food chains. Deceptive food packaging, misleading labeling, misrepresentation, fictitious sales and the widening practice of substituting food-chain grading for federal grading in meat (most people understand what "prime" signifies on a slab of beef, but what on earth is "superrite quality"?) make a pattern of sharp merchandising. But the great weakness of Congressional publications is that the public rarely gets to read them. *Consumer Reports* is one of the few magazines that regularly uncover consumer fraud, for few national magazines or big city newspapers (dependent as they are upon food advertising) are eager to expose so sensitive a topic.

We live in an economy of abundance; production is no longer the problem. Increasingly our concern is going to be with the problem of marketing that abundance. What is required is a permanent branch of the government that will speak for the unorganized majority in America, conduct inquiries in cases where there is widespread public dissatisfaction, and do so with the minimum of political prejudice. Mrs. Esther Peterson, Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs, is doing a job that is a good deal more than a political sinecure. Now we need to recognize that the job deserves an office.



The Joy of Cooking; Bobbs-Merrill

And this is required the more obviously because of the strange economic conditions under which the food chains have prospered. Since it was the cattlemen's cry of pain that alerted the President and Congress, it is worth examining the chain store's defense in this situation. Chain officials admit that the drop in cattle prices may have cost the livestock producers more than $1 billion. But they insist that, according to their own marketing studies, the chains have been losing a penny a pound on the retail sale of beef. Following this line, they note that last year beef consumption was more than 95 lbs. per person in the United States, and suggest that a saturation point may have been reached. But the livestock producers argue that U.S. Department of Agriculture figures on retail beef prices are far more significant than partisan studies. And these show that beef prices have remained stable in the food chains and have not reflected the catastrophic drop in stockyard prices. Beef consumption, they insist, could go a good deal higher. Plenty of Americans, cattlemen point out, are eating "tube" steaks—frankfurters —instead of cube steaks. If the food chains would reduce beef prices, a large untapped market would soon reveal itself.

Whatever the merits of these conflicting statements, it would be naive to suppose that they provide the real answer to the current debate. The prime cause of the present economic disruption can be found in the supermarket wars over the last decade. Before 1955, the main objective of the food chains was to wrest the neighborhood market from the local grocer. When a chain had gained a virtual corner on the customers, the savings made by mass-volume merchandising were often shared with the housewife. But as the local grocer quit—or merged into a cooperative—rival chains moved in to fight for a share of the market. Once the market had been split, true low-cost selling was abandoned. In its place came a surge of trading-stamp promotions and other customer-financed incentive schemes. Simultaneously, the chains stepped up the pressure on their suppliers. A supplier who would not come into

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line was reminded of Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. Most suppliers got the hint; the mail-order houses had met supplier opposition by creating their own sources.

With the local grocer disposed of, the next to go was the wholesaler. The chains took to buying direct wherever possible. This move had great consequences for the food producers and the processors. For one thing, they learned that Big Food—once it had banded together as a loose buying combine—disliked competition as much as Big Steel. Contrary to Chamber of Commerce theology, *most* businessmen dislike competition in their own fields. The history of antitrust actions from Theodore Roosevelt's day to the present is melancholy testimony to this observation.

Having disposed of the wholesalers, the supermarket chains could put the arm directly on the food processors. This pressure has taken many forms. Price-off deals, "advertising" allowances (which not only paid for the chain stores' local advertising but also became a price reduction), free merchandise, and even cash allowances for preferential shelf space (eye level instead of knee level). All such devices have become woefully familiar to the food producer or packer who wants to do business with Big Food.

It is clear that, for all the infighting among the supermarket giants, and for all the squeezing of the food growers and processors, the public has gained little or no benefit. According to Department of Agriculture comparisons, a market basket of food that cost the housewife $10 in 1947 would cost her $11.83—nearly a fifth more—in 1963. True, by comparison with other items in the family budget, food prices have remained relatively stable. But in the same years that the cost of retail food has been rising slowly, the price to the farmer has been dropping fast: since 1947 (again USDA statistics), the price farmers receive for choice lamb is down 16.5 per cent; for pork, 37.9 per cent; for choice beef, 13.8 per cent; for eggs, 36.3 per cent; for potatoes, 44.7 per cent. During all these years, the food chains have been perfectly aware of our fertile acres and heavy granaries; they know that food is a buyer's market, but have been careful not to pass the word to their customers.

When the big food chains began to gang up on the livestock producers eighteen months ago, the cattlemen hollered monopoly. When the meat buyers from the chains by-passed the stockyards and bought directly from the feed lot, the cattlemen went to Washington. The powerful National Association of Food Chains protested their charges, but the equally powerful National Farmers Union sided with the cattlemen. James Patton, president of the N.F.U. sent a short note to the White House and a detailed letter to the Attorney General. The key section of his letter to Robert Kennedy urged The Department of Justice

> *to carry out an investigation of retail food chain-store buying practices, their degree of vertical integration into packing plants, feed lots, and ranches, their power to influence and subvert competitive free enterprise, and their power to increase the spread between producers and consumers without regard to supply and demand.*

Meanwhile the Senate Commerce Committee got busy. By early April, spurred by the President's interest, the first important hearings on a joint resolution to establish a "national commission on food marketing to study the food industry from the farm to the consumer" were being conducted by Senator Gale McGee (D. Wyo.).

The Senate recently approved the joint resolution; the House is expected to follow suit. Some time this fall the national commission should begin its study. All this will take time, and whether Congress will eventually enact legislation that can provide the farmer, distributor and consumer with some desperately needed countervailing power must await the recommendations of the national commission. But Big Food is clearly scared. As Senator McGee noted last month, there has been a sudden rise in weekend "hot shot" beef sales at the supermarket.

After Dark in St. Augustine . . . .

Martin Waldron

St. Augustine, Fla.

Civil rights demonstrations have been going on in this 400-year-old town of 15,000 for more than a year, but they attracted national attention last March when Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, mother of the Governor of Massachusetts, came here with a civil rights group. Mrs. Peabody's visit, in turn, focused enough interest on St. Augustine to warrant Martin Luther King's personal attention.

Dr. King's role in this dispute is not entirely clear, but there are signs that he has less control over the local integration forces than they have control over him. For one thing, he came to St. Augustine ostensibly at the invitation of a young, tough-minded Negro dentist, R. B. Hayling, who is not as nonviolent as King.

Hayling has been in St. Augustine for a number of years but has not won acceptance by either the whites or the Negroes of substance. In private, other Negro leaders say they sense a touch of the Black Muslim in him; whites openly accuse him of fostering violence. State Senator Verle A. Pope, one of the voices of moderation in town, has said: "I will listen to him; I won't deal with him. I would never negotiate with a man who would hand out guns to young children." Pope was referring to an occasion when young followers of Hayling showed up armed after nightriders began shooting at homes of civil rights leaders. Hayling has courage. He and another Negro crashed an open-air meeting of the Ku Klux Klan, and were severely beaten.

In its 400 years, St. Augustine has lived under almost every conceivable social condition. Two hundred and fifty years ago, it was a refuge for Negro slaves. The Spanish owned the town at the time,

Martin Waldron is a reporter on the St. Petersburg Times. *The paper this year won a Pulitzer Prize for a highway graft story unearthed by Mr. Waldron.*

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and runaway slaves helped Spanish soldiers defend it from a small fort 4 miles north of the city. More recently, St. Augustine Negroes have lived in the same economic and spiritual bondage as Negroes in other tightly segregated Southern cities. There was evidence, though, that if any town could undergo peaceful desegregation it would be St. Augustine.

Senator Pope recently described the situation: "For years, here, the most popular doctor was a Negro. Half the white people in town went to him. Twenty-five years ago, the biggest store in St. Augustine had Negroes on its sales staff. They didn't just wait on Negroes. They waited on whoever came into the store. The leading beautician was a Negro woman. All the barber shops had some colored barbers."

The town also had Negro policemen, although assigned mainly to policing Negro sections. The Catholic Cathedral has been integrated for years, and the Catholic Church in the Negro section is about 25 per cent white.

About the only area that was strictly for whites only was the hotels and motels and restaurants which cater to tourists — the one real source of income for St. Augustine. The town has twenty tourist attractions, including the Fountain of Youth and the glorious old Spanish fort.

When he came to St. Augustine to set up a practice, Hayling, who had been an officer in the Air Force, was not satisfied with the half-accepted, half-rejected role which most professional Negroes experience in Florida. He set out to desegregate St. Augustine. At first, Hayling worked through the NAACP. But one night last year, after someone fired on his house, the dentist issued very bitter statements about law enforcement in St. Augustine and the attitude of leading whites. He parted with the NAACP and embraced King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. St. Augustine's young Negroes, those who did not accept the cautious pattern of the Negro power structure, followed Hayling.

Hayling was not the only one organizing. The Ancient City Gun Club was being activated. It is headed by Holstead Manucy, who prefers to be called "Hoss." He is a short, powerfully built man, whose big belly is covered by a knit shirt which he wears outside his pants. Most people credit Hoss and his brother, Bubber, with running the local Ku Klux Klan. "Whoever heard of a Catholic being a Klansman?" Hoss asks, but Federal District Judge Bryan Simpson has been heard to wonder out loud if the Ancient City Gun Club is not a cover for the K.K.K.

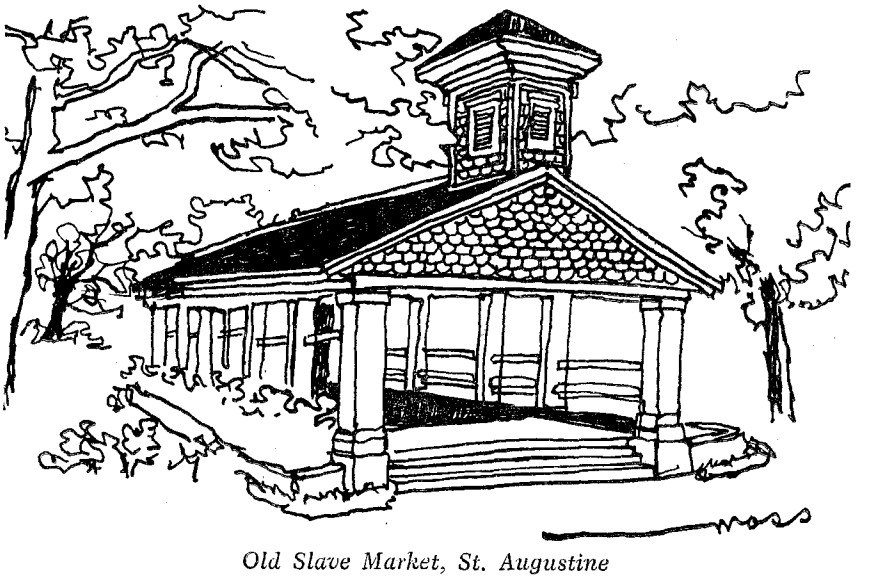
When the racial disputes began to warm up last year, Hoss and his brother recruited a number of their friends to guard St. Augustine against "take-over by the niggers." This group, mostly young and tough, patrols the town in cars with a private radio hookup. Their cars can be recognized by the buggy whip radio aerials. They have adopted the name other people gave them, "Manucy's Raiders."

Sheriff of St. John's County, in which St. Augustine lies, is L. O. Davis, a rotund, easy-going man who walks around town in two-tone shoes, jauntily pushing an unlighted cigar before him. He has been known to wear a Beatle wig to cover his baldness. Davis maintains friendly relationships with everybody, but when he must take sides it is with Manucy. "The night before the election, I went out to the Elk's Rest to talk to those niggers," said Davis. He was discussing the primary elections in May when he was renominated for a fifth four-year term as sheriff. "Niggers. That's what I called them. I told them I didn't want a single nigger vote because I didn't want to be beholden to them for my election." The Negro vote in St. John's County is not substantial, and those who are registered weren't going to vote for him anyway. So this statement of principle cost Davis little.

At the head of the white power structure in St. John's County and St. Augustine are H. E. Wolfe, a general contractor, and Frank Upchurch, an attorney. Active in state as well as local politics, Wolfe was money raiser for Spessard Holland and George Smathers in their campaigns for the U.S. Senate. Upchurch is head of the Historical Society of St. Augustine, an important local organization in a city whose past is its bread and butter. The city is trying to get federal money, plus donations from friendly foreign countries, to rebuild its old ruins for the quadricentennial. Civil rights leaders have been demanding that the federal government contribute nothing to the celebration so long as the city remains segregated. Earlier this month, when Charles Arnade, of the University of South Florida, said of St. Augustine that its main interest in life is genealogy, Upchurch snapped back in print that the historian "is probably also a foe of the DAR."

Dan Warren of Daytona Beach, the state attorney (the Florida name for its district attorneys), is also influential in the St. Augustine struggle. Warren was raised in the depression, and went to law school on the GI bill of rights. "I might be out there myself throwing rocks if I hadn't had the chance to go to school," Warren said recently.

In the May primaries, when he was renominated for another term as state attorney, Warren did not get the Negro vote in St. Augustine. However, he estimates that he got



Old Slave Market, St. Augustine

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95 per cent of the Negro vote in Daytona Beach. Warren is trying hard to settle the St. Augustine crisis before anyone else gets killed.

Working in the background to help find an answer to the disputes is Rev. R. W. Puryear, president of the Negro Florida Memorial College in St. Augustine. Puryear is somewhat bitter toward the power structure of St. Augustine. The important white people of the town erroneously consider him an Uncle Tom. This wouldn't bother him—he'd take the name if he also got the game. But he is unable to drum up financial support for his church-oriented school. Only $500 was raised for support of the school in a recent local drive. Florida Memorial is about to move to Miami after fifty years in St. Augustine.

When Martin Luther King moved into St. Augustine in early June to revive a lagging civil rights drive, most of the city's leaders, white and Negro, were more concerned about an unseasonable heat wave than about racial prejudices. But most of the groundwork that must be done before a civil rights drive can get off the ground had been attended to by Hayling and his youngsters. Mrs. Peabody's jailing had focused the necessary national attention on the city. King announced that St. Augustine Negroes wanted immediate desegregation of motels and hotels, restaurants, drug store lunch counters, swimming pools and other public facilities. They wanted more Negroes on the police force, and one on the fire department staff.

The city commission was unyielding, as were Wolfe and Upchurch. They wouldn't even agree to discuss the demands. When Negroes began a series of nighttime demonstrations, the commission passed an ordinance outlawing parades after dark. These marches were around the slave market in downtown St. Augustine. The market place is normally the hang-out for the horse buggies which ferry tourists through the historical sections of the city.

The ordinance was appealed immediately to federal court as unconstitutional. While Judge Simpson, an outspoken man who lives in Jacksonville, was considering the question, Negroes did not demonstrate. King left St. Augustine to make some speeches.

On Monday, June 8, while Simpson was preparing to rule on the constitutional question, the city commission agreed to repeal the ordinance. Simpson went ahead and ruled it unconstitutional anyway, issuing an injunction to prohibit the city from stopping peaceful demonstrations at any time of the day or night. What St. Augustine needed, he observed, was some local law enforcement.

King had scheduled his arrival back in St. Augustine for June 10. The Negroes did not wait for him. On the night of June 9, they marched triumphantly to the downtown section, where they promptly fell prey to white hoodlums. Manucy's Raiders were blamed for these attacks, a charge which Hoss said was false. Indeed, most of the attackers were disorganized kids. News cameramen — targets of white hostility at previous demonstrations—were again beaten. Two demonstrators were almost killed. Police were present as observers.

Governor Farris Bryant, who was elected to office in 1960 on a segregationist platform, was in Cleveland for the National Governor's Conference. From there he ordered 100 state officers into St. Augustine — highway patrolmen, conservation agents and beverage agents.

King's SCLC staff had already appealed directly to the White House for federal marshals. Had this request been granted, St. Augustine might have capitulated. Its tourist season, almost ruined as it was, would have collapsed entirely on the news that federal marshals had come in. Bryant was determined that Florida would handle the situation and apparently prevailed on the White House to let him try.

The Governor told Highway Patrol Major J. W. Jourdan to assign as many of the state's 500 highway patrolmen as he needed to the city. Bryant also sent his staff of investigators and Joe Jacobs, the top assistant state attorney general, to observe. He hoped to collect enough evidence to persuade Judge Simpson to reverse himself and stop nighttime marches, on the ground that someone would be killed.

On June 10 Negroes, guarded by 200 officers, began their second night march to the slave market. Half the officers were local, most of them special deputies sworn in by Sheriff Davis. The 200 were none too many. An ugly crowd of 400 waited downtown for the marchers, and it took tear gas and billy clubs to keep the whites and blacks apart. Several gangs of white youths roamed through the night throwing sulfuric acid. Just prior to the arrival of the demonstrators, police flushed out a sniper's nest in the yard of the Catholic Cathedral, on the line of march. A number of pistols and shotguns were confiscated by highway patrolmen and conservation agents. Nine persons were arrested, later to be released by Sheriff Davis.

The sheriff's behavior continued to be relaxed and informal. When Commander H. V. Gibson, chief of the enforcement division of the Florida Department of Conservation, was burned by acid thrown by a leading St. Augustine citizen, other state officers arrested the acid thrower and turned him over to Davis. No charges were filed. This has created bitterness among the state police. An out-of-county car hauling a half bushel of ammunition and several weapons was stopped by the highway patrol. After the sheriff's office took custody, the men were given their equipment back and released.

Sticking to his convictions, Judge Simpson refused to ban demonstrations at night. After the riots of Wednesday, June 10, Major Jourdan called for more troopers. He and Jacobs agreed that the night had been 10 seconds from disaster. Police got the white gangs under control just in time.

Thursday night was quieter. During the day, the city had installed mercury vapor lights in the park surrounding the slave market. No one was allowed in the park while the demonstrators were circling it. On Wednesday night, a crowd of 200 had attacked from inside the park, throwing bricks from flower beds as well as squirting acid.

On Friday, June 12, a new actor came on the scene — J. B. Stoner, an Atlanta attorney and segregationist of pronounced views, who had successfully defended the men accused of beating Hayling when he broke into the Klan meeting last year. Stoner came to St. Augustine to plan a reverse freedom march by whites.

By now, King was in jail. He had been arrested Thursday afternoon on a charge of trespassing when he

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sought service in a white restaurant. Negroes scheduled no marches for Friday night. They held one in the late afternoon, leaving the night free for the whites.

When it came time for the whites to parade, Stoner urged them not to become riled and attack Negroes. "We have these fine white police officers to protect us," Stoner said. "If a nigger calls you names, ignore him." Stoner characterized the white march as a "pageant," part of a celebration of 400 years of segregation in St. Augustine. He assured his followers that the real aim of "Martin Luther Coon" and his followers was to sample the favors of white women. "A nigger is not good enough to look at a white woman," Stoner said, striking a responsive note.

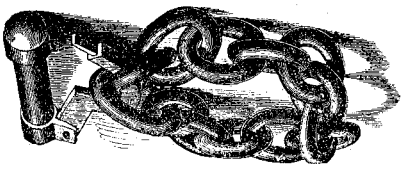
The march was eerie. Hundreds of silent Negroes stood on the dark sidewalks and watched the whites go by. The marchers were greeted by a sign, "Welcome, white brothers," and at one point, when it was evident that most of the danger of violence was passed, Negroes began to applaud as Manucy's Raiders came by. The applause was returned.

There was a second segregationist march on Saturday night, and this time a thousand Negroes greeted the whites with songs of love. Stoner's paraders came out yet a third time on Sunday night, but they skipped the Negro section.

While the Negroes and whites thus fought their war of nerves in the streets, serious efforts to settle the business were under way. Senator Pope began it Friday morning by trying to put together a biracial committee. He failed when Negro leaders insisted that Wolfe and Upchurch consent to serve. Everybody agreed that Hayling could safely be left off the negotiating committee, but the Negroes would not participate without the two white powers.

In another direction, Warren, the state attorney, called a grand jury in session. His plan was that the jury would itself try to create a biracial committee by calling the principals and probing for an opening.

There the battle lines rested for the moment. Dr. King was at Yale to receive an honorary degree, but planned to return to St. Augustine later in the week.



Union or Guild?

Organizing the Teachers . . . . . Stanley Elam

In the fall of 1961, education's organizational David met Goliath in the opening skirmish of what has grown to be a noisy battle for the loyalties of American teachers. David won the first round. The occasion was an election among New York City teachers to select an agent to bargain with the Board of Education. The United Federation of Teachers, an affiliate of the 60,000 member American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), beat the hastily organized Teachers Bargaining Organization, supported by the 714,000 member National Education Association.

The UFT went on to win, in three years, salary increases amounting to about $1,500 per teacher, plus many other concessions which bite into board of education policy-making prerogatives. These include reductions in instructional load, increases in specialized services and guarantees against overlarge classes. Such gains have made the UFT the leading spirit among AFT affiliates and in the teacher union movement.

Since 1961, the AFT has increased its membership by nearly 70 per cent (the total is expected to hit 100,000 by convention time in August), while the NEA has gained about 25 per cent and will fail to reach its "Million or More by '64" goal, set in 1960. The NEA claims its affiliates have established formal "professional negotiation" agreements in sixty-five cities located in thirteen states; it has requests pending before fourteen other boards. The AFT locals have fewer written acknowledgments of formal relationships, but many of those they do have are in major metropolitan areas.

To the outsider, the AFT-NEA battle looks like little more than another jurisdictional wrangle between competing unions. To the board of education member it is more evidence of the bad judgment and poor taste of which he has long suspected teachers. To the school administrator, by-passed and ignored, it has really frightening implications. What is happening to his traditional role as boss man?

But to many public school teachers, these developments are the most hopeful sign in generations that education can achieve its long-term goals of status and welfare. Making less than one-fourth as much (under $6,000 per year) as the average self-employed physician, publicly regarded as only slightly less grubby than social workers, and viewed by themselves as more nearly mice than men, teachers still have a long way to go, despite real gains in recent years. Like other minority groups, they are speeding up now that the goal is in sight.

Of the alternative paths to this utopia the NEA lays claim to the "professional" route, and the word has an undeniable appeal to teachers. The AFT leadership continues to profess disdain for the NEA brand of professionalism and asserts pride in the union way. Observers who try to view the NEA-AFT rivalry objectively, however, can detect little operational difference between the NEA's program of "professional negotiations" backed by "sanctions" and the AFT program of "collective bargaining" backed by the strike threat. (Both the NEA and the AFT officially renounce the strike as an instrument of policy—after all, it is illegal for public employees in several states

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Stanley Elam is editor of the Phi Delta Kappan, *official journal of the professional education fraternity.*

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—but both have used it in some form.) The verbal conflict has done little more than add some colorful new phrases to drab pedagogical language, with the AFT winning the phrase-making contest. To the AFT, NEA activities constitute "collective begging." NEA efforts to secure legislative provision of duty-free lunch periods are styled "right-to-eat" laws. The AFT newspaper recently characterized the 1963 National School Boards Association convention, where union trespass on board domain was deplored, as being "redolent of the medieval divine right of kings."

There was a time when AFT claims that the NEA is a company union had considerable substance, because administrators—hired by boards to secure, evaluate and fire teachers—were admitted to local associations. That was before the city-by-city struggle for bargaining rights began. Now it seems likely, although there are no good statistics on the point, that the membership of NEA affiliates which exclude administrators is greater than the total membership of AFT affiliates. One of the ironies of the recent bargaining election in Milwaukee—noted by the AFT for its humor but apparently not for its threat—lay in the fact that to come under the new Wisconsin law authorizing such elections for public employees, the Milwaukee Teachers Association (NEA) had to get itself declared a union. Some observers say NEA affiliates are now acting more like unions than the unions themselves, but their terminology must never be contaminated.

The Milwaukee election, won by the NEA after a wicked battle, may turn out to be the most significant of the recent series, in which the AFT won only four out of eleven (there is one stalemate) but got representation rights for nearly 11,000 teachers, including 10,000 in Detroit, to the NEA's total of 7,000. Milwaukee is significant because it proved the wealthy AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department to be relatively ineffective in influencing teachers. The IUD poured money and men (including Walter Reuther) into the campaign, but only about 200 teachers switched to the union camp.

Milwaukee suggests that the NEA can, if it continues to accelerate its current program, eliminate the

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AFT except in the largest cities where unionism is a way of life. There is little doubt that the NEA means to do just that. In Allan West, brought from Utah to head its new "Urban Project," it has a hard-driving and coolly calculating organizer. After the Milwaukee victory he was made head of the NEA field services. Literature pouring from NEA presses includes compilations of sample board-teacher agreements, guide lines for professional negotiations, pointers for local associations. Seminars and work shops are being held throughout the country. The AFT build-up, even with IUD money, does not as yet match this effort.

The truth is that labor affiliation may, after all, prove to be the AFT's vulnerable spot. A few years ago the interests of organized labor and the AFT seemed to coincide. Affiliation was attractive to the teachers because they were weak; not until recently did AFT membership include more than 5 per cent of the nation's certified teachers. Affiliation was attractive to leaders of organized labor because the blue-collar worker pool is diminishing with automation. The teaching profession seemed the ideal opening into the white-collar field. After the New York UFT victory proved that at least some teachers were ready for tough-minded union methods, Walter Reuther and James Carey became advocates of this strategy.

But New York teachers and schools are not typical. The most important deterrent to membership in the AFT remains the reluctance of teachers to become identified with blue-collar workers. Mostly, teachers come from what the sociologists call upwardly mobile families. They are almost morbidly white-collar-conscious and the NEA works on that bias. Most NEA leaders come from anti-union small cities and towns. They argue that union affiliation limits the independence of the AFT and they have a point. If administrative membership causes conflict of interest in the NEA, labor affiliation may be as embarrassing to the AFT. For example, in the Indiana tax battle last year, the AFL-CIO brought suit to declare a new sales tax unconstitutional. The resulting delay cost the state $39 million which might have been spent for education.

Moreover, the AFT bureaucracy fails to realize that recent victories are quite likely to be empty. The Chicago-based leaders are the prisoners of their own slogans. To them, the NEA remains a company union. They continue to call their affiliates locals, not associations. They copy AFL-CIO strategy even while the AFL-CIO is reconsidering its own methods. At one time the AFT boasted such intellectual leaders as John Dewey, John Childs and George Counts. Today it fails to make a place in the organization for Myron Lieberman, its best theoretician ("Teachers Choose a Union, *The Nation*, Dec. 2, 1961). Lieberman's 1960 book, *The Future of Public Education*, was a landmark in the analysis of teacher organizations, but it questioned the need and the appropriateness of labor affiliation and probably cost the author the AFT presidency in 1962.

NEA policy is likely to stay constant for some time—Executive Secretary William G. Carr, now 63, has just been offered a four-year contract. But the AFT could easily take a new tack this summer. Carl Megel, president since 1952, has announced that he will resign from that office in August to become the union's first national representative and lobbyist in Washington. A big, dogmatic, hard-working man, Megel has been effective but somewhat inflexible. He would like to name as his successor Charles Smith of Gary, Ind., who led his local in a successful strike a year ago. Opposing Smith will be one of two leaders well known in AFT ranks. Herrick Roth of Colorado would give the union even stronger labor orientation than it now has,

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for he is head of the Colorado State AFL-CIO Labor Council. But he does not have broad support from the locals. If Charles Cogen can get solid backing from the huge New York UFT No. 2 (23,000 members), which he has guided through the eventful three years during which it became a power in the teacher union movement, he will defeat Roth in the AFT's Progressive Party caucus and might then overwhelm the little-known Charles Smith.

If Cogen wins and follows his campaign promises, the AFT is likely to look more like the NEA in a few years, just as NEA affiliates now look more like the union. Cogen used the word "professional" eight times in the first twenty-five lines of "A Statement of My Views," his first campaign literature. He sees the need to improve the AFT image among teachers and would "enlist the help of outstanding professional leaders to explore new pathways toward true professionalism for teachers." Does he mean Lieberman?

In addition to New York, Detroit and Chicago (where the board, trying to divide and conquer, has recognized affiliates of both NEA and AFT as bargaining agents), teachers are asking for exclusive bargaining agents in Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and Boston. Late in June, the AFT won an election in Cleveland, and in the other cities it has a better than even chance of victory. But such victories are only half the battle. Some 70 per cent of the nation's largest cities have so-called dependent boards of education, meaning that the board itself is not in control of the finances that would permit it to deal in good faith with teacher representatives. In the New York City case, for example, it was necessary in 1962 for Mayor Wagner and Governor Rockefeller to be brought into the picture before $13 million could be found to meet union demands. While it is true that the teachers' strike on April 11 was dramatic and serious enough to accomplish this, not every state has a New York City.

This remote control of budgets makes current events in the state of Utah doubly significant. There the union cannot get a foothold. The story goes that President McKay of the Mormon Church nipped the teacher union movement several years ago by handing every local president such heavy church duties he had to resign his union office to take care of them. But the 10,000 member Utah Education Association (NEA) is every bit as aggressive and well disciplined as the strongest union local. It produced Allan West and he has an equally effective successor in John C. Evans, Jr. Last year the UEA, with backing from the five Cooperating Agencies for Public Schools (which included the Utah School Boards Association) asked the state legislature for an additional $25 million to improve the state's schools and bring teacher salaries up to the Rocky Mountain States average. Only $11.6 million were appropriated, whereupon the UEA voted 7,785 to 189 to boycott the schools the following fall if Governor George D. Clyde failed to call a special session to make up the difference. The UEA asked the NEA to back this imposition of sanctions by urging its members not to seek jobs in the state. The NEA temporized but sent money and talent to publicize the UEA case. Before the boycott could be tested, Governor Clyde offered to appoint a fact-finding committee for a report the following spring, implying that he would then, if necessary, call the special session.

The long-awaited report was made in May. It recommended the immediate appropriation of an additional $6 million, which would have required the special session. Governor Clyde promptly rejected his own committee's report, and the UEA as promptly called a two-day "recess" and interrupted contract negotiations. As of June 1, neither the Governor nor the association had budged, but the NEA's executive committee this time took immediate action. It voted unanimously to back its state affiliate (but with some internal grumbling, because of UEA failure to check with the parent organization before acting).

Just what NEA sanctions will mean for Utah remains to be seen. In the only other recent instance of NEA-applied sanctions, it didn't mean much. NEA members were advised last fall not to apply for positions in the Defense Department's overseas dependent schools, because salary obligations incurred some years ago had not been met. The result: twice as many applications as the year before. Partly, this is because only about half the certified teachers in the United States are NEA members. But mainly the failure derives from the fact that neither the NEA nor any other organization controls entry into the profession or has any effective way of disciplining its members.

Nevertheless, the Utah situation will be watched carefully by the organized profession. If the boycott proves to be necessary, and if it works, it will constitute proof that teachers can apply pressure where the money and responsibility are — at the state level. This is something the AFT, in most cases, is not equipped to do.

Because there are so many unanswered questions and because the battle lines are so fluid, no one can say with certainty whether the NEA or the AFT will emerge the eventual winner in the accelerating rivalry. One thing seems certain: teachers are breaking the master-servant pattern that once characterized their relations with boards of education. The new relationship is already being crystallized into law; for example, Wisconsin has set up an employee relations board with authority to supervise elections and decide questions in dispute.

A constellation of forces is likely to encourage these developments. The reduction in number of school districts from over 120,000 in 1941 to fewer than 40,000 today has destroyed forever the unequal bargaining of the individual teacher with the board and superintendent. The teacher shortage that has existed since 1950 has combined with the population explosion and the tax squeeze to encourage growth of strong teacher blocs. A higher proportion of ambitious young men with families to support has come into teaching in recent years; they are much harder to satisfy than are second-income women teachers. It is this group at the secondary school level that gives the union movement much of its vigor.

The only foreseeable adverse factor is a surplus of teachers, predicted by the Labor Department for the last half of the 1960s. But by then teacher organizations may be so powerful that they can successfully turn their attention to control over entry into teaching. That will mark the day when the word professional has the same meaning for education that it now has for law, medicine and plumbing.

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Tour of the Battlefield

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE. By Charles E. Silberman. Random House. 370 pp. $5.95.

Martin Mayer

The next generation of historians are going to have the devil of a time figuring out where The Negro Revolt came from. There have been other Negro movements, of course; but this one now seems likely—it is still not certain—to be something more than just another convulsion in a sporadic struggle. A tipping point has been passed. Something intervened between 1947 (when, for example, a group of Negro ministers in Chapel Hill came out to the bus terminal and literally got on their knees to beg the first group of Freedom Riders not to enter the white waiting room) and 1964 (when many of these same ministers lead demonstrations and get themselves arrested). One of mankind's great stories may lie behind the demonstrations and the boycotts, the newspaper punditry about "direct action" and "violence," the wretched sociologizing of Negro leaders and white littérateurs—and behind the response from the other side: the search for college-trained Negroes by corporations which only recently were debating the wisdom of allowing a colored man to rise to the position of foreman of a gang of porters, the willingness of an all-white United States Senate to stuff down the throats of its most revered members a bill with the single purpose of compelling their constituents to improve their manners.

Whites, of course, still find other people's troubles relatively easy to bear. And Negroes are still crippled both tactically and psychologically by the fact that their actual power in the society can be seen only through a microscope (which the newspapers, however, are often willing to provide). Quantitatively, relatively little has been done, and in the areas of major concern, usually condensed to a phrase about schools-jobs-housing, the immediate future is by no means promising. But there has been a vast shift in the quality of the situation, most of it in the last five years—and normally the world provides means by which the paper of quality can be converted to the specie of quantity. It would be a help in finding these means, as well as a boon to future historians, if we had some better notion of *how* the shift has occurred.

Charles Silberman's failure to deal with this question of process is, I think, the source of many of the ambivalent reactions to his intelligent and overwhelmingly decent guide book to the battlefield. *Crisis in Black and White* will probably give more solid information to more people than any other book that has been written on race relations in the United States, with the possible exception of Myrdal's *American Dilemma.* A combination of academician (at Columbia) and reporter (for *Fortune*), Silberman has worked hard and well both in the literature and in the field. Moreover, because his experience lies mainly in writing about business, he has a well-developed sense of how the little wheel is connected to the big wheel, 'way in the middle of the air. The only major criticism to be made of his book is his assumption that the big wheel runs on faith—but without that Biblical drive he probably would not have written the book at all.

Mr. Silberman moves steadily through an unusually clear design, starting with the general problems of the urban immigrant, then the special problems of the Negro immigrant, the psychological difficulties of the Negro in American culture and the bifurcated attempts to do something, defined by Silberman as Civil Rights vs. Self-Improvement. There follows what will be for most whites the most interesting chapter in the book, a discussion of the significance of Africa for Negro Americans, resting in large part on Prof. Harold Isaacs' superb *The New World of Negro Americans.*

The discovery that there was an African past of which Negroes need not be ashamed, and the belief that there would be an important African near-future, undoubtedly made a great contribution to the rise of Negro protest in the United States; and Silberman's evaluation of these matters is fascinating. Indeed, his most important single message for white readers is a plea to understand and help the Negro search for race pride.

What Silberman does not mention is the terrible trick history has played on the Negro movement by reducing the apparent prospects of Africa. The sixties were to be the decade of emerging nations; they have turned out to be the decade of resurgent Europe. In one of his pious moments, of which he has a few too many, Silberman argues that "Integration is vitally important not so much for Negroes as for whites, who must learn to live in a world in which they are indeed the minority." There is no sense other than the purely arithmetical in which it can be said today that whites are a minority in the world. Moreover, most Negro Americans who have visited Africa haven't, as Silberman points out, been overwhelmed with admiration for what they saw. Race

Martin Mayer, chairman of a New York City local school board and a member of the President's Panel on Educational Research and Development, has published articles in many magazines and several books, among them The Schools (*Harper & Row*).

The most striking phenomenon of this spring's book list has been the stream of titles concerned with the American Negro. And they keep coming. A good number have been publishers' "quickies"—hastily compiled anthologies of existing material. None of these is reviewed here. As for the others, it was decided to wait and review them collectively at this moment rather than at their original time of publication. Two of the books, *Negroes With Guns* and *The American Revolution,* are not new but they have been too widely read and are too significant for omission in this survey. Finally, it may interest readers to know that the reviewers, who were encouraged to offer their own views on the race issue as well as to evaluate others', are almost equally divided between white and Negro contributors. This section has been conceived as a forum, not merely as a collection of reviews.

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pride in the American context goes easily with an insistence that things are better here than in the old country; but the Negro had reasons to hope otherwise.

The second half of *Crisis in Black and White* deals almost entirely with the prospects of protest, and here Silberman has, I think, been trapped into placing far too much weight on the attitude of intellectually fashionable Negroes. There is not much excuse for twenty-one references to James Baldwin, none to James Farmer or Bayard Rustin or Norman Hill, and only two (one quite patronizing) to A. Philip Randolph. The Black Muslims probably loom too large, too, though this is almost inevitable when any outfit makes as good copy as this one does.

In the world of created non-news which surrounds race questions, Silberman is probably stuck with the idle chatter about violence that takes up a number of his pages. The fact is, of course, as Silberman mentions in passing, that the Negro American still gets enormously more violence than he gives; it takes much more courage for Martin Luther King to walk the streets of St. Augustine than for any white man to wander around Harlem. "The South," a transplanted Southerner said recently, "is full of people for whom stomping people is more fun than anything except screwing." The taste for beating up defenseless people is related to civil rights questions only on the periphery. There is something tiresome about the ardent but cozy white Northerners who go gooseflesh-all-over at the thought of violence; Silberman is not one of these, but he has spent too much time with them.

In the area of my own special competence — education — I think Silberman's analysis is almost entirely sound, though he may put too much stress on the need for pre-kindergarten programs in the Negro slums. The schools seem to lose colored children at three distinct points—at the very beginning, around the age of 10, and in the transition to secondary education. Pre-kindergarten may be significant with the first group (kindergarten, which half of them miss, might help); for the others, we need a whole catalogue of techniques, which I suspect will be least difficult to develop if we have the children in integrated surroundings. In any event, as Silberman would agree, the worst thing that could happen to us right now would be the spread among teachers of the notion that the colored child who hasn't had the benefit of an exotic pre-kindergarten course can't really be expected to learn much.

Throughout, perhaps inevitably, Silberman is least interesting when he touches on the questions of what should be done and how. He hopes business will pick up the burden (only a *Fortune* editor could have such a notion); he calls for the society to make massive changes in itself while there is time. Meanwhile, he sees great promise in Negro community organization of the type that Saul Alinsky brought to the Woodlawn slum section of Chicago.

The Woodlawn Organization (TWO) organized boycotts of stores which had been overcharging residents and in a few cases forced slumlords to clean up their properties. It represents for Silberman an example of how individual participation in "working for freedom or equality" can give the Negro a true sense of identity. But I find this long description of TWO, which closes the book, rather seriously misleading, largely, I supect, because Alinsky and Robert Dentler have worked Silberman over to the point where he regards the University of Chicago as the *bête blanche* of American race relations. TWO was simply not so effective or significant as Silberman says, and his discussion of it is pretty badly out of date. For all the noise, TWO is today and has been for some time a client of the University of Chicago; it has begun to live not on its own membership, as Silberman implies, but on a federal grant which the university secured for it. More serious is Silberman's repetition of the old charges that the university-sponsored Hyde Park-Kenwood Urban Redevelopment project was an attempt to create a lily-white enclave. Current figures indicate that the area will be about 60 per cent Negro, and the tools for citizen participation developed here are in many ways more powerful than TWO's. At one time and another, the university did misbehave badly both in Hyde Park and in Woodlawn; but the results are not the evil Silberman portrays.

Silberman's dislike of the University of Chicago bleeds over to the head of its sociology department, Philip Hauser, who is attacked in half the chapters; and here the fates have conspired against him. Since his book went to press, "the Hauser Report" on desegregation in the Chicago schools, commissioned by a federal court, has been published and, on the whole, accepted by civil rights groups in the city. (Its function is roughly that of "the Allen Report" in New York — almost nobody has actually read it, but its existence gets the militants off a most uncomfortable hook.) Worse yet, from Silberman's point of view, the campaign for planned parenthood which Hauser organized and supervised in the immigrant Chicago slums seems to be paying off to an astonishing degree, with a decline of more than 15 per cent in the birth rate from 1962 to 1963. Silberman is left in the position of denouncing his heroes' hero.

Hauser's advantage over Silberman is that he has stratified the difficulty. Less bemused by psychological dislocation or negative symbolism, Hauser has looked to find people who can be helped and situations that can be changed. Silberman, for all his understanding of the complexities, ultimately shares the naive American hope that the whole ball of wax can be melted away in the heat of moral regeneration.

"For legal purposes," Justice Holmes once wrote, "a right is only the hypostasis of a prophecy." In the law as Holmes saw it, rights were nothing more than offshoots of a societal organization; they were reliable predictions that if somebody did something unpleasant to you, the state would at your urging come and do something even more unpleasant to him. To the extent that a society wished to be just, it would establish political organizations to secure the equality of rights. In an unjust society, the rights simply did not exist, and to proclaim them as natural or innate or eternal was either folly or (more commonly) hypocrisy.

Much as I would like to be on the side of the angels (particularly now that Dwight Eisenhower and Everett Dirksen have joined the squad), I think that for all practical purposes Holmes was right. Obviously, the condition of the Negro American is a moral question for individuals; but the assurance of rights can never be anything but a political decision for the community. Politically, we cannot intelligently deal, as Silberman does, with "what Negroes may be willing to accept"; we (and they) must deal with what Negroes can in fact get.

Indeed, the Negro revolution was created by an enormous expansion in the apparent horizons of what could be got. My own hunch is that nearly

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all of it can be traced to six major developments:

(1) The migration to the North.

(2) The desegregation of the armed forces, which Silberman never mentions, but which gave hundreds of thousands of Negroes the invaluable experience of serving as non-coms in command of white troops.

(3) The independence of the African nations.

(4) The chain of Supreme Court decisions culminating in *Brown* v. *Topeka Board of Education*, which gave Negroes the feeling (in part correct) that the Court, the sovereign political institution of the society, the power structure of power structures, was on their side.

(5) Reportage by television, which brought all sorts of Negroes "into the living rooms" of people for whom the whole business had been quite bloodless in the past.

(6) The experience of the successful sit-in and the successful boycott, which proved that where discrimination against Negroes was based mostly on fear of inconvenience or economic loss Negroes themselves could eliminate the discrimination by creating greater inconvenience and threatening greater loss.

Little of what has been achieved so far would have been won without protest and noise and nuisance; and a continuation, even intensification, of protest will be necessary to keep things moving. But any protest is worthless unless it is aimed, directly or indirectly, at a target that can be achieved. Almost any demonstration in the South is potentially viable, because the basic purpose of Southern demonstrations is to increase the extent of federal intervention in local affairs; but demonstrations in the North must have a highly specific goal that can be won. Otherwise, the tragedy of New York can be repeated everywhere; New York has grown bored with civil rights ("backlash" is in fashion), and only pointless extravagance will rouse its jaded palate.

To confront white society with a choice of remaking itself drastically or enduring violence can produce nothing but a great increase in expenditures for police. Doubtless, white Americans "deserve" to be punished. Some of them want, tremblingly, to be punished—but not many. If the aim of a demonstration is to punish whites ("make them bus their kids to Harlem schools"), the result is predictable and unfortunate.

Silberman knows all this, and writes perceptively about it. But when the chips are down, he bets on morality; he insists that there is no question about what has to be done "unless we are to discard the Judeo-Christian tradition altogether." In the race area, as Silberman has demonstrated, we do not have the tradition to discard. It has moved Silberman and some of the rest of us, but it has never yet moved a whole society intent, as all societies are, upon other things. Just because the morality is so clear, it is now relatively unimportant. God has not come out of the machine yet, and He won't; in any event, we cannot stand around waiting for Him. What is necessary now is intelligence in applying pressure to points that can be made to yield.

The View from Harlem

NEGROES WITH GUNS. By Robert Williams. Marzani & Munsell. 128 pp. $1.95 paper.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By James Boggs. Monthly Review Press. 93 pp. $1 paper.

A. B. Spellman

These two books are written by Negroes who, from their understanding of their own experience, have no faith in America to do anything except perpetuate itself as the most reactionary power in the world. Both Robert Williams and James Boggs are angry in a way that James Baldwin is not. They do not start from a generalized emotional put-down of America, but instead accumulate a number of specific grievances from which they conclude that the entire American spectrum needs overhauling. One can never be sure exactly what Dr. King means when he talks about "first class citizenship," and *Time* magazine once quoted Roy Wilkins as saying that Freedom Now meant the right "to drink beer and watch the Yankees." With Williams and Boggs, however, it's all about power, about becoming not a strong pressure group but a determining voice in the total scope of American policies.

The story of Robert Williams and Monroe, N.C., is a classic of the Negro "underground"—as is *Negroes With Guns*, which tells that story. (Some new Negro groups like RAM—Revolutionary Action Movement — base their programs on Williams' ideas.) The Monroe story, which has been widely ignored by the mass media, began when Robert Williams returned to Monroe from the Marine Corps in 1955. Membership in the local NAACP chapter had dropped to six, then to two: Williams and a local doctor. Prior to the Brown decision, the NAACP in the South had been considered a harmless group and was even patronized by white philanthropists; afterward, however, it became anathema to Southern whites. NAACP members were subjected to all kinds of economic and physical harassment. Thin-skinned, middle-class Negroes withdrew and membership in many places sank to the vanishing point. Unable to recruit from that middle class, Williams went to the poolrooms, the farms and factories.

In 1957, Williams made some attempts to integrate the local swimming pool, and the Klan started a series of motorcades through the Negro section, firing guns as they passed. After exhausting the usual offices for protection, Williams organized a self-defense rifle club. One night this group fired back at Klansmen: an event which, though of obvious importance, received no national publicity. Williams continued his efforts to improve the Negro's status in Monroe, with almost no success and many threats. Then one day the white assailant of a pregnant Negro woman was acquitted despite his obvious guilt; it was the latest in a series of such cases. Despairing, Williams walked out of the courthouse and declared that in the future he would "meet violence with violence," for which the NAACP suspended him. Williams continued on his own.

In August, 1961, a group of Freedom Riders arrived in Monroe and picketed the courthouse for six days. The already high potential for violence in Monroe escalated until the town was virtually divided into armed camps. On the last day, the picketers were beaten and stoned by a raging mob (none of Williams' people had ever been attacked while demonstrating because, he says, it was known they were willing to fight back). At the height of the riot in downtown Monroe, a white couple driving

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A. B. Spellman is a poet and jazz critic; he has also published articles in Monthly Review, Revolution, Kulchur *and other magazines.*

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through the Negro section of town were recognized by the crowd that had gathered near Williams' house as people who had carried an "Open Season on Coons" banner on their car the day before. Williams, as he relates the story, saved the couple from the angry crowd by inviting them into his house. Following a telephone conversation with the Chief of Police, in which that official threatened his life, Williams fled Monroe, made his way to Canada, and finally to Cuba where he lives today. Shortly after leaving Monroe, Williams was indicted—with four others—for kidnaping the white couple. Those four (Mae Mallory, Richard Crowder, Harold Reape and John Lowry, who is white) were recently tried and convicted in Monroe.

What does Monroe mean? Here are men who work and demonstrate for their rights in a town with a history of Klan influence—and they take their guns with them. In the context of the story as related by Robert Williams this makes sense. The working class (and unemployed) composition of the Monroe group was obviously the most important factor in the evolution of the tactics they used. There are very real differences in the orientation of the Negro middle class and the Negro lower class. Furthermore, the climax of the Monroe story might have been entirely different if the Freedom Riders hadn't come into the picture. Williams' tactics were carefully timed and applied; the Freedom Riders, despite their good intentions, only managed to take the situation out of his hands, and when it came back to him a week later, things had already gotten out of control.

An argument frequently heard against Williams' self-defense, and in favor of King's masochistic attitude of "if blood must be shed, then let it be ours," is that the former will alienate white liberal support for the civil rights movement. But when deprivation of the Negro's rights is sustained by violence, who is to limit his choice to either inaction or martyrdom? Williams says repeatedly in his book that he is in favor of nonviolence where it works. But self-defense of life and property—an established American right—should not be categorically excluded from the Negro's tactical arsenal. Today, self-defense does seem to be the mood of the Negro rank and file even if it is not the policy of the national organizations.

If it requires guns in black hands to bring federal authority into the South, then guns must be readied in every community where the Negro is prevented by physical terror from becoming a viable political force. It should also be apparent that terror is practiced and condoned, in varying degrees, from St. Augustine to New York. In the North, certain militant groups will want to concentrate on pushing all forms of white power out of their communities. They will learn karate; they will arm; they will shoot policemen. Some innocent whites will be hurt but so many more innocent Negroes have been and will be hurt that, from the Negro viewpoint, white casualties won't matter.

Negroes With Guns was edited by Marc Schleifer; I've heard the tapes from which he worked and he has put them together in a readable manner. The book includes excerpts from an article and a speech by Martin Luther King, who rejects Williams' position on the grounds that there are alternatives besides submissiveness and guns, as well as because "there is more power in socially organized masses on the march than there is in guns in the hands of a few desperate men." There is also a statement by author Truman Nelson, who supports Williams over King, and photographs.

Williams' presence in Cuba today has clouded the issue raised by his tactics and philosophy with cold-war politics. It is also unfortunate that the façade of this book—its sensational-sounding title and the American Minuteman on the cover—is perhaps too much of a camp. The definitive history of Monroe and Williams has yet to be written, but *Negroes With Guns* remains a personal statement of great significance.

James Boggs's *The American Revolution* is not about the rights movement per se. It is a rambling series of brilliant and startling insights into the American past and the probable American future. Boggs, who contributed to the recent *Triple Revolution* statement, is a radical's radical. He starts from an assumption that the American power elite is innately evil, and he is not addressing people who might think otherwise. Nor does he expect much from groups which are supposed to be applying pressure, whether the AFL-CIO, NAACP or Marxists.

The AFL-CIO, Boggs notes in a lengthy survey of American labor, represents very little of the labor force, and its leadership today is more concerned with securing pensions than with protecting jobs. Membership and influence have thereby declined. Millions of workers in the South remain outside the unions. What will they do? Boggs answers, "Historically, workers move ahead by the new. *That is, they bypass existing organizations and form new ones uncorrupted by past habits and customs.*"

Boggs believes that the NAACP has been by-passed by harsh realities today. He sees an imminent armed conflict and he believes the Monroe movement and the nationalist movements are more realistic than the NAACP. ". . . the Negro revolt will lead to armed struggle between Negroes and whites, Negroes and Negroes, and federal troops and armed civilians, and will have to move through political power and economic power." In industrial centers like Detroit (where Boggs works in an auto factory) and Chicago, which have over 20 per cent unemployment, such conflict seems almost logical.

Though some of his premises and conclusions are Marxist, Boggs sees conventional American Marxism as suffering from crippling misconceptions, the most important of which is expressed in the old slogan, "Black and White, Unite and Fight." There is little evidence that white workers anywhere in America are at all interested in forming a united front with Negro workers.

In Boggs's view—a now familiar one—the unemployment produced by automation, combined with social revolutionary movements here and abroad, will bring about the American Revolution. He sees no realization of Negro goals within the present limits of our society; the Negro revolution is inherently, by definition, a movement toward a classless society.

The answer to the question, can the race problem be solved in American society as we now know it, appears to be no. The choice is more and more between stumbling liberalism—pouring money into welfare agencies which will certainly benefit some but won't break up the ghettos—and fascism: tripling the police forces to cope with Negro militants who reject nonviolence.

Or so it appears from Harlem.

(Mr. Spellman's review originally covered three additional books. The balance of the review will be published during the summer as space permits. — Editors.)

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A Pacifier for J. Edgar

RACE AND RADICALISM: The NAACP and the Communist Party in Conflict. By Wilson Record. Cornell University Press. 237 pp. $5.95.

James Weinstein

John P. Roche tells us in the preface to this book that it was originally commissioned as a chapter for a larger work on Communist infiltration, but that Professor Record's unexpectedly lengthy manuscript so impressed his editors that they rushed it into print as a book. They rushed in the wrong direction. Even as a chapter, Record's material would probably have been redundant and superficial. How often, in this day and age, do we have to be reminded of "the American CP's subservience to the Soviet Union and . . . the incidental character of its concern with racial matters"? Certainly not on every fifth or sixth page.

Race and Radicalism teaches us nothing about either, although it is brimful of facts concerning the sinister twists and turns of the Communist Party since 1919, and the steady, admirable efforts of the NAACP to improve the lot of the Negro within the context of liberal capitalism while shrewdly avoiding contamination by the "radical" party. The latest volume in the series on Communism in American Life, sponsored by The Fund for the Republic, Record's book is at least consistent with most books in the series published to date. It is heavily descriptive; its point of view is entirely predictable; it fails to examine the social context in which its subjects act; it is filled with unexamined judgments and ideological assertions; it is dull. The only partial exceptions to this composite characterization of the series are Theodore Draper's two books on the early years of American communism, which have the faults listed but are also extremely valuable works of research, both painstaking and accurate; and Clinton Rossiter's delicious spoof: *Marxism: The View from America,* which is so densely uninformed and so delightfully pompous and trivial as to warrant a category all its own.

Race and Radicalism reads as if it were commissioned by the NAACP to answer J. Edgar Hoover's discovery that the civil rights movement is absolutely honeycombed with Reds. Lest anyone still be in doubt, let it be said: the NAACP is not now, and never has been, Red, successfully infiltrated by Reds or sympathetic to Reds (not even to black Reds). Indeed, Record goes so far as to tell us that "the NAACP and the CP have markedly different historical roots. The former was organized in 1909, eight years before the Bolshevik Revolution and a decade before the tortured birth of the CPUSA." Moreover, the NAACP was never "led by people with binding commitments to either a Socialist or a Communist international apparatus." This last truth, however, could only have been told to obscure the fact that among the NAACP's outstanding founders and early leaders were many Socialists: Charles Edward Russell, William English Walling, Mary Ovington White, Florence Kelly, and even W. E. B. Du Bois, who was a party member until 1912. It is true, of course, that after 1916 the NAACP drifted away from Socialist influence and that its early history was unencumbered by contact with Communists, and for this we are all to pat the Association on its head.

Record's simple-mindedness extends beyond his account of the Communists and goes to the core of the political and ideological problems of the Negro movement in the United States. He views the Black Nationalist tendencies of the Garvey movement in the early 1920s and the Black Muslims today entirely in terms of their rivalry with the NAACP and, therefore, as villains. First, Record informs us that the NAACP was handicapped in the early 1920s by "extremist groups operating among both whites and Negroes." On the white side was the Ku Klux Klan, one of whose chief targets "in addition to Catholics, Jews, and 'foreigners,' was Negroes—and the NAACP." (No kidding!) But, "as if this were not enough," the NAACP came under attack from the Garvey movement, too. Then follows a recounting of some facts about Garvey and his movement, without the slightest analysis of *why* Garvey's appeal to race pride and self-esteem, his rejection of the dominant white culture, and his identification of American Negroes with the anti-colonial movements in Africa, had an immeasurably greater appeal to the Negro masses in the 1920s than did the NAACP. To top this off, Record displays his sense of historical continuity by concluding that "Garvey's present-day counterpart, Elijah Muhammad (Poole) of the Black Muslims . . . presents the same kind of challenge, and is willing to make the same kind of alliances, in this case with George Rockwell and the American Nazis."

History, like life, is almost endlessly complex. In order to make sense of it the historian, like the social critic, must select his facts, identify trends and find order by evaluating the relative importance of his data. To clarify and make coherent the events of the past, however, requires an appreciation of its complexity. A historian can easily conclude that the NAACP better answered the needs of the Negro people in the United States than did the Communist Party in the years from 1919 to 1964. But to present everything the Communists did simply as a cynical maneuver to capture unwitting support for the Soviet Union, and everything the NAACP did as the best possible under the circumstances, is to make a caricature of history and to obscure its relevance to the present.

An example is Record's treatment of the roles of the NAACP and the CP in the Scottsboro case. In this instance, as in all others, our hero (the NAACP) is out to save the nine defendants in an orderly and respectable manner. On the other hand, the villain (the CP) is out to make propaganda for the Russians. The fact that in the course of making propaganda—that is, by organizing demonstrations throughout the United States and Europe, and by stressing the political nature of Negro oppression—the Communists saved the lives of the Scottsboro boys, is ignored. Worse, Record's obsession with kicking the corpse of the Communist Party leads him to announce that "obviously" one "cannot simultaneously pursue and denounce established legal procedures." How can serious appeals be made, Record asks, "when the appellants are at the same time denying that the courts can act independently of political considerations"? That might have been a good question to ask before the emergence of SNCC and CORE, or before the whole series of desegregation decisions running back to the school decision of 1954, although even then it would have been narrowly self-serving and an impediment to progress. Now such a question serves only to expose the author to ridicule.

James Weinstein is an editor of Studies on the Left, *in which his essay on Socialist and Communist Party histories appeared.*

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Old Times There Are Not Forgiven

MISSISSIPPI: The Closed Society. By James W. Silver. Harcourt, Brace & World. 250 pp. $4.75.

A TIME TO SPEAK. By Charles Morgan, Jr. Harper & Row. 177 pp. $3.95.

Ronnie Dugger

James Silver and Charles Morgan, Jr., are native white Southerners who have espoused and to an extent practiced racial liberalism at physical and economic risk to themselves and their families. They have done this in the two deepest of the Deep South states: Silver teaches history at the University of Mississippi in Oxford, and Morgan practiced law in Birmingham, Ala.

Mississippi and Alabama are becoming, if they are not already, totalitarian states. White supremacy is their *Zeitgeist,* and the Negro is their Jew. Their cities and hamlets are being enveloped by local tyrannies that not only enforce the established exploitation of Negroes but now also revert to hooliganism and violence against dissenters, whether white or black. Because violence against Negroes and against white "nigger-lovers" is viewed and dealt with equivocally, racial violence and the threat of it have become a sinister part of the ultimate law-making authority. To an increasing extent, Mississippi and Alabama are outlaw states.

There is still a white underground, but it is mostly silent, and leaves the open struggle to native Negroes and outsiders. A few whites resist openly and send messages to the outside. Silver's and Morgan's books, taken together, call out to other Southern whites to join the open resistance, and Silver, citing even the late William Faulkner, adds in effect that far graver federal remedies will be required than the civil rights bill.

The essence of totalitarianism, the pervasive intimidation of the scapegoats and the dissenters, afflict these two states to an appalling degree. Consider Silver's recitations about what he calls "the closed society." In Mississippi, America's movement toward multi-racialism is seen "as a criminal conspiracy against sanctified institutions." The turmoil is all attributed to outsiders, and the society closes itself against the federal challenge and "lets no scruple, legal or ethical, stand in the way of the enforcement of the orthodoxy."

The State Sovereignty Commission contributes state tax money to the Citizens' Council, the private racist organization; it maintains a "network of Negro informers blanketing Mississippi"; and uses additional tax money to lobby against the Civil Rights Bill in Washington. The press manipulates, slants and distorts the news to prove and defend the orthodoxy. Controversy is literally white or black; white racists' violence is blamed on the other side with paranoid ingenuity. Since nearly every white ostensibly stands to benefit in terms of money or status from keeping Negroes in their place, and since it is a fact that Negroes' voting would profoundly alter the state's politics, the orthodoxy is enforced not only from the top but within the citizenry. Spontaneous economic reprisals occur. The Citizens' Council keeps black lists of professors, orders violators of the code out of town, ousts ministers from their churches. The Jackson chapter of the council keeps a card file containing the racial views of nearly every white person in the city; block-by-block surveys of whites' racial opinions are made in Jackson, Greenwood and McComb.

Politicians agree or become hypocrites and acquiesce. In the legislature they make the racial laws to suit the powerful leader of the council, Bill Simmons. The church washes its hands of the ministers who practice inclusive Christianity. The far right wing has a broken field, since integration is called communism: they purge books from libraries and schools. The council even issues a manual for school curricula. The business elite goes along in league with politicians to give labor organizers the old heave-ho, if any have the gall to turn up. If all this somehow fails to enforce the Negro's oppression, then horror may be used as required: Lemar Smith, Gus Courts, Emmett Till, Mack Parker, Clyde Kennard, Medgar Evers, on and on, cases never known, sufferings never told. Meanwhile, the august university, in Oxford, defers, regrets, stalls, apologizes. "The chancellor too," writes Professor Silver, "was the victim of the closed society."

Silver's book is focused through the insurrectionary Oxford riots. The state's most widely known white dissenter, Silver sat with James Meredith at a public eating place, took a meal with him in a private home, played golf with him in public. He heard that rowdies were on the way from Jackson to get him and others and had his little girl spend the night with friends. "It is hard to define the tension one feels," he says.

His wife is not willing to have a Negro to dinner in the Silvers' own home, so they do not; he cannot in a trice change his whole context nor shuck his heritage. He feels somewhat helpless; he can't fight everybody and probably doesn't want to fight anybody. He does what he can do, and takes his chances, avoiding bravado, but aware of the danger.

Morgan's book, too, is pegged on the worst recent episode in his state, the bombing of the children in church in Birmingham, but it is organized by his own evolution from an ambitious young man into a lawyer who found himself, willy-nilly, bucking Birmingham. At first, although he once telephoned Autherine Lucy and told her he would try to help prepare her way onto the University of Alabama campus, he does not say that he did anything, so one supposes he didn't. As the demonstrations in Birmingham gained momentum, the state patrol was renamed the State Troopers and the Confederate battle flag was embossed on the troopers' helmets and fixed on the bumpers of their official cars. The police became, not upholders of law and order, but partisans in the principal social conflict of their domain. Racial violence became commonplace: "Sluggings and beatings and bombing after bombing had inured Birmingham to violence and civic shock," Morgan says.

He was compelled to take a stand more openly—because as a man is what he *does* rather than what he simply *says*, Morgan is a good man. He struck out alone—not, it should be noted, with Negroes, but not, either, with whites he might embarrass — and soon found himself defending a Negro accused of murdering a white man. Perhaps the most important chapter in his book presents his indictment of Southern justice, root, trunk, branch and leaf, in the course of his defense of this Negro—a system of law that excludes Negroes "in every respect except as defendants." Morgan also recites the unanimous dereliction of Alabama politicians on the race question; he gives concrete instances of the silence — a euphemism—of respectable, moderate whites in Birmingham. Here too, the church is chicken; business participates in

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the *status quo*; TV programing is censored — in short, "the most extreme elements were setting the standards."

The four little girls were murdered, and Morgan made a famous speech blaming the silent and the timorous in Birmingham and the South. The anonymous calls, to which he was no stranger, began again, and he was threatened with death as was his child; friends told him his usefulness there might be at an end. He wrote his book from Alexandria, Va., where he is now living.

Silver is older, disinclined to commend himself. Morgan is younger, and seems still to be dogged by his early desire to be celebrated and powerful in law and politics; he is slightly vainglorious about what he has done. Negro militants who enjoy hoo-rawing white liberals will find some pegs for their merriment in these books. A man who admits his fear and a desire to escape the crisis, but has stayed on, like Silver, is less vulnerable to such ridicule than Morgan, who tends to present himself more favorably, but has left. Part of both these men's courage, however, is their willingness to risk such ridicule. I cannot rid myself of the feeling that such belittling of a good effort, because it is imperfect, is often only an inverted form of the race hate that now threatens to fuse into a South-wide totalitarianism. If militants who are disposed to jeer would look into themselves more closely and appreciate the courageous act for itself, this would be another recognition of our common humanity there's so much prattling about.

Morgan says that if Birmingham and like cities are to have hope, it must come from whites "who are not afraid to succumb to conscience." When he is urged to stay and fight, he wants to ask, "With what—sticks and rocks?" and is tempted to ask also when we will "refuse to tolerate leaders who allow" the Southern situation to continue in these United States.

Silver, too, says leaders in the power structure must band together to crush the closed society of Mississippi. He also writes: "It cannot be long before the country, seeing that persuasion alone must fail, and perhaps acting through the power and authority of the federal government, will, with whatever reluctance and sadness, put an end to the closed society in Mississippi." He says of his friend Faulkner: "It is also true that Faulkner realized, before his death, that Southerners would never really give up segregation without outside force." There it is: the thought that is forced forward by the development of totalitarian states in the South.

Neither Silver nor Morgan is an especially talented writer. Their better performances were called forth by oratorical situations: each made a speech last fall in which he faced his fellow whites and told them the truth, and those were great occasions. Silver's chapters suffer from a blurring of their themes and sometimes from a pasted-together quality. It is vaguely saddening to see that a first-rate mind is called on, in the Southern context, to utter the homilies about equal rights as though they were epochal pronouncements; for in Mississippi, they are.

Both of these men spoke out in books because they had concluded that they were required to by what had happened to them and by what they had come to know. Indeed, holding their books up against ordinary standards of "book reviewing" is trivial, and trivializes them. As well criticize *Common Sense*, when it came out, for an excess of fervor. Silver's book and Morgan's are documents from the front lines of our history.

Ronnie Dugger is editor of The Texas Observer.

In The Ring (1)

BLACK CHAMPION: The Life and Times of Jack Johnson. By Finis Farr. Charles Scribner's Sons. 245 pp. $4.95.

William Ward

Cassius Clay, the new heavyweight champion, seems to be speaking more softly now; yet the world of boxing is still filled with rancorous voices suggesting that Clay and Sonny Liston and others are preparing boxing for a final countdown. The president of the World Boxing Association intimated last March that Clay's title might be taken away: he claimed that Clay's post-fight behavior had been detrimental to the image of boxing. Jack Dempsey was quoted as hoping for a national boxing commission to get rid of undesirables. Even Congress has been worried; a Senate subcommittee investigated the Clay-Liston fight, and Congressmen talked strongly of a federal commission to supervise boxing.

The recent furor sounds remarkably similar to an earlier tempest surrounding another Negro champion, Jack Johnson, who reigned unchallenged from 1910 to 1915. Johnson was the first Negro to win the modern heavyweight championship and the only member of his race to hold that title between 1892 and 1937. In this new biography, Finis Farr—a social historian—traces the erratic rise and fall of the Johnson monarchy. Farr maintains that race was the center of Johnson's problems, although the fighter didn't help matters by his flamboyant behavior. The race issue was so pronounced that James Jeffries was coaxed out of retirement to try to wrest the title away from Johnson, and Jack London, for one, urged Jeffries to "remove the golden smile from Jack Johnson's face." Before that fight, Jeffries himself acknowledged: ". . . That portion of the white race that has been looking to me to defend its athletic superiority may feel assured that I am fit to do my very best. . . ." But Jeffries' best was not to prove good enough.

"Tough times make tough people," Johnson said as a youth and went on to prove the statement. Born in 1878, Johnson grew up in racist Galveston. He learned boxing while working after hours in a sporting gymnasium. He learned to fight as a longshoreman, gaining fame as the youngster who sent home the dock bully with a steel hook in him. He matured on the road where he learned about hobo jungles, unsympathetic sheriffs and lonesome jail blues. At 19, Johnson made his first money as a fighter: $5 for staying the limit with a carnival boxer. At 25, he was a steeled veteran of illegal, back-alley gamblers' fights which were broken up as often by the police as by knockouts.

By the time Johnson won the unofficial title from Tommy Burns, he was a master boxer and a fearless fighter. He eliminated the last obstacle in 1910 by mauling Jeffries (a 10-to-6 favorite) in Reno, Nev., for the official title. The white world was incredulous —and then rebellious. A Negro reporter of the day anticipated the reaction: "When the smoke of battle

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clears away, and when the din of mingled cheers and groans has died away in the atmosphere, there will be deep mourning throughout the domains of Uncle Sam over Jeffries' inability to return the pugilistic sceptre to the Caucasian race."

As Farr indicates, the odds were so strongly against a Negro's becoming world champion during the first two decades of the twentieth century that Johnson had been ignored as a title contender until he was almost too old —30. And afterward, opposition was so strong that he was given little opportunity to defend the championship and profit from it. Yet Nat Fleischer, today's top boxing authority, has named Johnson best of all the heavyweight champions.

Once on top, Johnson immediately began his descent. He undoubtedly could have extended his years as champion if he had shown more humility. But Johnson not only crossed the color line; he flaunted his position after doing so. He lived expensively and noisily ("Johnson was a generous patron of commercialized vice"); he ignored taboos (three wives and all white). He was unpredictable and antagonistic and anti-social. How could the majority tolerate a hero who had polished his ring style while in jail, who would humiliate an opponent by calling punches before landing them, who ran a notorious night club—a Negro who took a mile when given a few inches?

Farr tells us that the man who lost the title to Johnson—Tommy Burns—once summed up the issue in this way: "Race prejudice was rampant in my mind. The idea of a black man challenging me was beyond enduring. Hatred made me tense. It wasn't Johnson who beat Tommy Burns but Tommy Burns who beat himself."

Johnson was sent into headlong flight by the social reformers who assaulted brothels, saloons, gambling parlors and boxing rings alike. In a sense, he was a victim of the same impulse that led to prohibition. He was arrested and fined several times for speeding. His wife committed suicide. He was convicted for a violation of the Mann Act, the unfortunate result of an affair with a 19-year-old white girl (eventually to become his wife). The champion finally fled the United States, becoming the world's most notorious fugitive. Johnson couldn't be hurt in the boxing ring, but he was mortally wounded by public reaction. And this reaction included his own people. Booker T. Washington, Negro spokesman at that time, wrote the epitaph for Johnson's career: "Jack Johnson has harmed rather than helped the race. I wish to say emphatically that his actions do not meet with my approval, and I'm sure they do not meet with the approval of the colored race."

Europe in the 1910s offered no sanctuary. Johnson was ordered out of Russia in 1914. He was compelled to leave Germany after a street fight. He escaped from France ahead of the invasion. He was expelled from England for what was termed improper conduct. By the age of 37, he was broke, no longer champion—it was Jess Willard who dethroned him in 1915—and a man without a country. He wrestled. In Spain and Mexico he became a matador. He returned to vaudeville with a routine of song and dance, some chatter and a demonstration of basic boxing moves.

Finally, in 1920, Johnson surrendered to U. S. authorities and served a year in Leavenworth. He then lived out twenty-five more years as an ex-champion who lectured on morality and health, who put on boxing exhibitions until he was 68, who appeared often as a side-show attraction in circuses. He finally died in an automobile accident, a victim, as Farr describes it, of an "inborn genius for fast movement."

Johnson lived long enough, however, to see Negroes dominate the heavyweight championship. Twenty-two years after he had lost the title, it went to Joe Louis, and after Louis came seven champions, five of them Negroes. The quiet, acceptable ones were Ezzard Charles, Jersey Joe Walcott and Floyd Patterson. More recently, Sonny Liston and Cassius Clay have chosen to follow the Johnson style.

Farr's book is as much social history as biography. It chronicles quite fully the rise of Johnson and the championship years, but is weakest when tracing his fall; Farr dismisses Johnson's life after 1920 quickly and disinterestedly. Perhaps Farr found the pattern of disintegration too familiar, too typical of athletic heroes, and therefore not worthy of intensive treatment. He leaves us, nevertheless, with a burning image of a tragic character trapped between his own temperament and an inimical society.

William Ward is a former newspaper man and sports editor who is now assistant professor in the School of Journalism at Syracuse University.

In The Ring (2)

LeRoi Jones

Sonny Liston was the big black Negro in every white man's hallway, waiting to do him in, deal him under, for all the hurts white men have been able to inflict on his world. Sonny Liston was "the huge Negro," the "bad nigger," a heavy-faced replica of every whipped-up woogie in the world. He was the underdeveloped have-not (politically naive) backward country, the subject people, finally here to collect his pound of flesh.

The mock contest between Liston and Patterson was a "brushfire" limited war, Neo-Colonial policy to confuse the issue. Patterson was to represent the fruit of the missionary ethic; he had found God, reversed his underprivileged (uncontrolled) violence, and turned it to work for the democratic liberal imperialist state. The tardy black Horatio Alger offering the glad hand of integration to welcome 20 million into the lunatic asylum of white America.

In this context, Liston the unreformed, Liston the vulgar, Liston the violent, comes on as the straightup Heavy (who still had to make some gesture at the Christian ethic, like the quick trip to the Denver priest before the match, to see if somehow the chief whitie could turn him into a regular fella). "They" painted Liston Black. They painted Patterson White. And that was the simple conflict. Which way would the black man go? This question traveled on all levels through the society, if anyone remembers. Pollsters wanted the colored man in the street's opinion. "Sir, who do you *hope* comes out on top in this fight?" A lot of Negroes said Liston. A lot of Negroes said Patterson. That old hope come back on you, that somehow this *is* my country, and ought'n I be allowed to live in it, I mean, to make it. From the bottom to the top? Only the poorest black men have never fallen at least temporarily for the success story. And the poor whites still fall hard.

A white cab driver was turning to see me in his rear-view mirror; he said,

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"You know that Liston has got the biggest hands of any boxer to come in the ring. You know his arms are 6 feet long. I mean 6 feet long each. He's like an animal. Jesus! He shouldn't even be allowed to fight normal guys." That was the word from that vector of polite society.

The match meant most to the Liberal Missionaries. It was a chance to test their handiwork against this frightening brute. So a thin-willed lower-middle-class American was led to beatings just short of actual slaughter. Twice. And each time Patterson fell, a vision came to me of the whole colonial West crumbling in some sinister silence, like the across-the-tracks House of Usher.

But, dig it, there is no white man in the world who wanted to fight Sonny Liston himself. So the Orwell Synapse takes over. What we cannot gain by experience, we will gain by *inperience*, the positing of a fantasy "event" for what is actually the case. History is changed to correspond with what we all know reality *should* be, a maneuver common to every totalitarian order. The December, 1963 issue of *Esquire* fantasizes with an essay entitled "The Greatest Fights of the Century." Liston beats Marciano, "the most brutal first round ever seen," and he also beats Louis . . . "Louis flew back five feet, fell, and rolled on his face." Having set this up, Dempsey comes marching in like drunk Ward Bond whistling a cavalry tune, to straighten everything out. It is a little hectic (like in *The Spoilers* or when John Wayne is facing a really brave Indian) but the end is never in doubt. As the barbarian climbs through that chink in the wall, IBM! ". . . Liston turned and fell heavily to the floor, his right glove under his face." In the posture of sleep, like a gypsy in the desert, a *fellaheen*. "At six, he rolled over and, back now in his corner, Dempsey smiled." The muscular Neyland-Smith.

See the white man dream? Which is where the whole race has gone: to the slowest. But the mass media make the dream a communal fulfillment, so that now each man who had and has the dream in solitary can share and grow bigger at its concrete illustration. It's like the European painters when they began to paint Arab/Moorish/Semitic experience in medieval middle-European contexts. Christ is then a blond all dressed up in desert clothes but still looking like Jeffrey Hunter. Another smart Germanic type made good. (Practically speaking, for instance, if God were not white, how could He get permission from the white man to make him? If, say, God were black, there would have to be some white man somewhere to tell him what to do, right?)

So now, forget that all this is dream and wish fulfillment, and think of it as a blatant social gesture. This is how the synapse works. We erase the mad-bad big black bad guy by going back in time to get him in a dream; the drop to the canvas takes nearly the whole of the dream, it is so slow and gravityless; you can replay it over and over again — ". . . heavily to the floor, his right glove under his face." "Liston vs. Dempsey. . . . Dempsey, K.O., 1:44 of the ninth."

The champ is the big strong likable immigrant who has always done America's chores. He's glad to oblige. We always get to the bad niggers . . . either kill 'em or drive 'em out of the country. Jack Johnson, Henry Highland Garnet, Du Bois, Paul Robeson, Robert Williams, Richard Wright, Sidney Bechet, Josephine Baker, Beauford Deloney, Chester Himes, so many others. The black neurotic beauties trailing dumbly through the "equal" streets of hopeless European cities. All the unclaimed fugitive corpses.

That leaves us with Cassius X. Back in the days when he was still Clay it was easy to see him as a toy manufactured by the Special Products Division of Madison Avenue. Now I think of him as merely a terribly stretched out young man with problems one hoped would have waited at least for him to reach full manhood. Clay is not a fake, and even his blustering and playground poetry are valid; they demonstrate that a new and more complicated generation has moved onto the scene. And in this last sense Clay is definitely my man. However, his choice of Elijah Muhammad over Malcolm X (if indeed such is the case) means that he is still a "homeboy," embracing the folksy vector straight out of the hard spiritualism of poor Negro aspiration. Cassius is right now just angry rather than intellectually (socio-politically) motivated.

The Liston-Clay fight seemed to be on the up and up to me. Liston was way out of shape, expecting young X to be just another weakfaced American. But Cassius can box, and even Liston in shape might have trouble spearing the very quick X. Sonny's risking jail now, where most of the white world would have him (shades of Jack Johnson!) and the possibility of a return match between Clay and Liston grows each day more remote.

But whoever has the heavyweight championship now, or in the future, it is an even remoter possibility that it will be Jack Dempsey, or for that matter any of his Irish progeny. The Dempseys in America, having graduated from the immigrant-newcomer class, don't have to knock heads for a living except as honest patrolmen; their new roles as just Anybody make them as weak and unfit for the task of defeating any of the black heavyweights as any other white Americans, even the honorary kind like Floyd Patterson.

So what kind of men are these who practice such deception on themselves? Oh, they are simply Americans, and some years from now, perhaps there will be this short addition: "you remember them, don't you?"

LeRoi Jones is a poet and playwright. His play Dutchman *is currently at the Cherry Lane Theatre in New York.*

The 1,000

THE BLACK JEWS OF HARLEM. By Howard Brotz. The Free Press. 144 pp. $4.50.

Alan Kohlman

Sympathy for professors prodded to "publish or perish" must yield to upholding the comparatively high level of sociological analysis of the Negro search for identity and equality; this book is a disjointed, disappointing, and in some ways a deplorably dated work.

Less than half of it is devoted to its alleged subject. Brotz follows Frazier in tracing the use of the Israelite experience in bondage by Negro slaves; and he links this with even older European speculations concerning the ten lost tribes of Israel. He does not establish any direct connection between these philo-Biblical sources and the actual appearance of "Black Jews" around 1915. Briefly noting the rise and fall of eight such cults, he concentrates on the "Commandment Keepers Congregation of the Living God," also known as the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews." In contrast to the mass base of the Black Muslims, this group of Black Jews numbers only 1,000. "The Black Jews are working people. Of the women, who constitute between 60 and

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70 per cent of the members who come regularly to services (approximately 200), the older ones work in semi-skilled occupations. . . . A few of the men have skilled trades. . . ." This is almost the entire extent of the socio-economic data presented.

Brotz clearly perceives the central significance of the group in its search for identity, resting on their belief that "the so-called Negroes in America are really Ethiopian Hebrews or Falashas who had been stripped of their knowledge of their name and religion during slavery." He quotes their chief spokesman: "During slavery they took away our name, language, religion and science. . . . The word Negro is a badge of slavery which comes from the Spanish word *niger* meaning black thing. Those who identify themselves with Negroes identify themselves with black things, not human beings."

Thus the group searches for historical roots, cultural identity and human dignity by identifying with the House of Israel, denying the reality of Negro as name, race or nation, and renouncing Christianity because it is the religion of the Gentiles (whites). Brotz traces their Biblical "proofs," Kosher rituals, religious practices and quaint Cabalistic myths; and also their condemnation of "niggeritions" and Negro stereotypes. In contrast to others who have attacked the Black Jews as frauds, Brotz accepts their sincerity and acknowledges that they have virtually eliminated drunkenness, delinquency and crime in their congregation.

Had Brotz proceeded to expand this material and to link it, theoretically to the work of Troeltsch, Yinger and others in the field of sociology of religion; to the work of Frazier in the history of Negro religion in the United States; to comparisons with deviant Christian groups such as Daddy Grace or Father Divine; and, further, to have explained why the Black Jews (in contrast either to Garveyism or the Black Muslims) have not grown into a mass movement but remained the least significant remnant of Black Nationalism—then Brotz could have achieved a solid, rounded study of this small but interesting group.

Unfortunately, Brotz opted to make broad generalizations and he devotes half the book to "variety and dissent within Negro leadership" and to "Negro Nationalism and a solution to the Negro problem." Only on the second title page and the inside jacket do we find a subtitle broaching these vast subjects. Such terminological acrobatics are on a par with the inadequacy of his discussion itself. He offers a lengthy idealization of Booker T. Washington and denies that he was a compromiser, a brief summary of Marcus Garvey's role, a page on the Communist Party's activities, a review of the Muslims — and no mention at all of the sit-ins, mass demonstrations, King, CORE, SNCC!

Finally, he reverts to the problem of Negro identity and concludes: " . . . the role of white society in sustaining the kind of social and political fabric that would support the Negro's quest for self-respect is indispensable. The essence of this fabric is what I would call an open alliance between those whites and those Negroes who stand for excellence or the spirit of craftsmanship." Brotz's veneration for Booker T. Washington is clearly not confined to 1895, especially since he also shrouds current leaders and current policy issues in such rhetorical vagueness. In the face of the socio-economic realities of Harlem, not to mention the rest of the nation, his lecture on self-respect is a patronizing, moralistic substitute for sustained sociological analysis.

Alan Kohlman is a free-lance researcher and journalist now residing in Berkeley, Calif.

Rhetoric and Relevance

BLACK MAN'S AMERICA. By Simeon Booker. Prentice-Hall. 230 pp. $4.95.

FIRE-BELL IN THE NIGHT. By Oscar Handlin. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 110 pp. $3.50.

MY PEOPLE IS THE ENEMY. By William Stringfellow. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 149 pp. $3.95.

Nat Hentoff

A Negro reporter, a white academic and an existential white lawyer exemplify in these, their respective books, how little agreement there yet is among the "informed" concerning the very nature of — let alone solutions for — the "unfinished revolution" in American race relations.

The reporter is Simeon Booker, chief Washington correspondent for *Ebony* and *Jet*. His *Black Man's America* is a survey of the abrasive past decade, along with fragmentized analyses of the civil rights leadership, the Negro church, black politicians, the Negro middle class and the underclass. Most of the material is familiar, some of it is contradictory, and Booker shows hardly any insight into the basic economic, educational and political changes which have to be made if the Negro is to have an opportunity to be equal.

We are told, for example, that the "vitality and the determination" of the Negro middle class "provides the foundation for the progress of the future." How? What specific day-to-day support are the Negro poor receiving from that middle class? It is true that, in the past, middle-class leadership of what masses it could reach has been a characteristic of "the movement." But we now see a deepening crisis in Negro leadership: the failure of middle-class strategists with middle-class social action philosophy to enlist enough of the poor. There are increasing signs — as in Jesse Gray's Harlem rent strikes, the programs of East River CORE in New York — that as more leaders emerge from the lower class, more meaningful action begins to take place and begins to attract more mass support. Where middle-class leaders remain, there is intensifying pressure on them from below for greater militancy — as in Los Angeles and St. Louis. In the South, what began in 1960 as a generally middle-class (or aspiring-to-the-middle-class) student movement now includes a growing percentage of youngsters from the working class and lower. At the same time, many of the original actionists are now thinking in terms of basically altering the economic system along lines that are alien to conventional middle-class expectations. If anything is to lay the foundation for future progress, it will be the ability of the underclass to organize and fight for itself.

We are also told by Booker that among all Negro leaders in recent years, it is Roy Wilkins on whom the future depends. But Wilkins is a prototypal example of those in the established Negro leadership who have yet to formulate a substantive program going beyond civil rights to create more jobs and to alter radically the way in which the poor are educated. In a particularly ingenuous flight of

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optimism, Booker proclaims that the belated awakening of white church leaders to their pervasive sins of omission "will develop a climate of understanding and compassion to solve the many racial problems still to come."

Yet not all of *Black Man's America* is easy rhetoric. Booker does focus on the irrelevancy of most current Negro political leadership to the basic needs of their black constituents. He is critical of "escapist" Negro colleges and he charges that since the Negro church's "strength came from segregation . . . its leaders hardly shared any desire to shift the foundation. . . . Most of its leaders are mediocre clergymen who have developed skill in politicking, shouting or mass psychology."

Booker is also effective in his occasional indictments of the eagerness of the white press to claim "progress" for the Negro by using highly selective statistics. When an Eisenhower appointee, for instance, announced there had been a 300 per cent increase in federal employment for Negroes in New Orleans, "newspapers carried the story of the amazing development, although few reporters checked to find that employment of Negroes in New Orleans had gained from a total of two people to six in the case to which the speaker referred."

It is significant that although the general tone of *Black Man's America* remains sanguine, Booker has not been able to ignore entirely the actual state of mind and feeling in the ghetto: "Our thrust now, far from being a drive of skilled and qualified troopers, is a desperation assault in which many of the attackers will fall before they achieve opportunity — never to benefit from the gains."

While *Black Man's America* is internally rived by a conflict between the brutalizing present and Booker's faith in the "power of love and brotherhood," the differences between Oscar Handlin's *Fire-Bell in the Night* and William Stringfellow's *My People Is The Enemy* are sharp and piercingly instructive as to the self-delusion of the white liberal. It is Handlin who is the liberal, and his book is of unwitting value only in that it so clearly illustrates why militant blacks distrust the white liberal.

By "white liberal," I mean those whites who consider themselves to be of good will but who balk at solutions to the present racial chasm which require basic changes in the white way of life — changes such as

for my unborn & wretched children

if i bring back
life to a home of want
let it be me.

let me be, if i come
back, new, hands in first,
the mouth in.

if hands & mouth are in,
the belly, filled, clothes
the body. *then* want.

if want & hurt are clothed, bring
back life to home. if
want decides, let it be me.

A. B. Spellman

giving up the neighborhood school concept. They are also those who do not understand that for the black underclass to transcend apathy and despair, much more direct action will have to take place to show the Negro masses that specific short-term improvements *can* be effected and thereby to keep them involved in the longer pull.

Stringfellow, by contrast with Handlin, is no liberal. He is a radically relevant Christian — an extremely rare species. A lawyer and an active Episcopalian layman, he lived and practiced law in East Harlem from 1956 to 1962; his book is both a record of his observations and a distillation of "the depths of estrangement between black and white." Handlin, a professor of history at Harvard, and an expert on the *past* history of American minorities, writes from the outside as he capsulizes the past decade of civil rights movement and countermovement in order to explore the current forces for racial division and to suggest ways of bridging that division.

An index of Handlin's fatuity is his assertion that while direct action demonstrations are "the only recourse" Negroes have in certain sections of the South, "the same devices used in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago reflect a misreading of the situation with unfortunate consequences . . . because Negroes in those cities do have legitimate means of making their wants felt." Historian Handlin apparently has yet to realize that again and again in the North, demonstrations and boycotts have preceded whatever intimations of real change have occurred: the rent strikes in New York, the series of school boycotts in the same city (without which the Board of Education would not have committed itself to even its present inadequate desegregation plan), the Philadelphia ministers' selective boycotts of firms which discriminated against Negroes, and similar instances in other cities.

Incredibly, Handlin can write in this context: "In the South inequality is still sustained by acts of government; in the North it is the product of self-interested, thoughtless or prejudiced individuals." What of such *institutional* Northern barriers to equality as labor unions, school boards, political alliances, real estate lobbies and banks which are hardly egalitarian in their unwillingness to finance homes in newly integrated neighborhoods? As Stringfellow says in a section on slum landlords in *My People Is The Enemy*, some of the heaviest investors in ghetto misery are "insurance companies, universities, unions, and, alas, churches."

The core of Handlin's bland meliorism is his proclamation that "the paramount interest of any minority is to establish respect for order . . . whatever grievances (the Negro) may labor under, his best hope of redress is still through a government of law." But the raw truth is that for law to be made meaningful to the Negro, more pressure is required — and that means social dislocation.

As Stringfellow notes, "this is no 'good' cause. . . . The Negro revolution is no ordinary charity to which enlightened whites should give their donations and their names. . . . Every important institution in the public life of the nation — education, employment, unions, churches, entertainment, housing, politics, commerce, investment, welfare, transportation, public accommodations — is immediately affected by this revolution, and this revolution will not spend its course until every such institution surrenders to its objectives."

Because Handlin will not face the depth of social and economic change which is required, he is able to be comfortably imprecise about the future: "the abatement of prejudice and the redistribution of the urban population are first steps toward the more rational organization that would prepare municipalities to face up to their tasks." But how is this to be done? How can the power be accumulated to accomplish this? As for the economic imbalances in society, Handlin smoothly suggests "an expansion of demand, through retraining and through devices our ingenuity shall

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uncover for the useful employment of the labor of all." Try that one on 125th Street and Seventh Avenue in a debate with a Black Nationalist!

With regard to education, Handlin is predictably in favor of special services for the ghetto child on a saturation basis. "Communal energies," he counsels us, "are . . . more properly expended on making the schools equal than on integration." But even the very best separate-but-equal schools result in both white and Negro children developing a severely distorted view of the world and of themselves. If democratic values are actual goals — rather than pietistic slogans — it is impossible to talk realistically of "quality education" that is not also integrated education. Handlin's mind is apparently closed to the very real integrative possibilities in resourceful adaptation of the Princeton Plan, and particularly in the concept of educational parks which can achieve both integrated and basically improved education for all children long before present segregated housing patterns are broken.

Another example of Handlin's myopia is his remarkably uncritical attitude toward the present failure of white churches to correct the spread of what he calls racist "notions." According to Handlin, "the influence of most Christian churches runs counter to any denial of human brotherhood." Stringfellow, on the other hand, points out that "it has not escaped the notice of Negroes that for many Roman Catholics, parochial schools have in fact been supported as a way of continuing to give their children a segregated education; and that, for example, among New York's nearly two thousand Protestant congregations, very few are more than nominally integrated. . . ."

By contrast with Handlin's distant oversimplifications and amorphous "solutions," Stringfellow's focus is relentlessly specific as he tells of housing, work, the law and the operation of social "services" for the poor in East Harlem. While he has no programmatic answers, Stringfellow so clearly reports the nature of black ghetto life that glib rhetoric about "order" becomes synonymous with insensitivity. "In places like Oxford, Mississippi," Stringfellow writes, "there is token integration. That is about all there is in New York too . . . most peope who live in places like Harlem are not represented before the law. . . . They can't afford the law, or are so uninformed as to their rights that they do not pursue them, or they are so disenchanted by what they know or hear of the administration of the law that they have no confidence that their rights will be vindicated."

There is indeed order of a sort in the ghetto: "the police are an enemy, a sort of occupation force, representing the white power structure, engaged not in protecting but oppressing the people . . . an overwhelmingly sufficient basis exists for the people of the ghetto to regard the law as their enemy."

Negroes cannot look to observers of Oscar Handlin's genre for anything that it is of any value to them. In Stringfellow, they do have an ally who knows both the awful vulnerability and the rising anger of the black poor. What Stringfellow does not make clear is that there will have to emerge — and quickly — more leaders among Negroes who have a program beyond civil rights for the political, economic and educational changes which are central to any fundamental solutions of The Problem.

In view of the fear of the word "socialism" in this country, that program will not be named as such but it will surely include demands for that degree of accelerated expansion of the economy for *all* classes as can only be achieved through increased planning of the economy (as outlined in part in Gunnar Myrdal's *Challenge to Affluence*). Eventually, the program may well encompass adaptations of the redefinition of work and the provision of a guaranteed annual income, as suggested in Robert Theobald's *Free Men and Free Markets*. It will also entail major public-works programs and huge expenditures for a revised educational system that will make possible smaller, ungraded, elementary classes, greater use of team teaching and educational parks.

All this, of course, requires a serious alteration of the Democratic Party and that means, first, the revolt of the ghettos against their present leadership — from the mechanical "colonialism" of William Dawson to the fustian hollowness of Adam Clayton Powell. The new political organizers will — Simeon Booker notwithstanding — increasingly be people of the ghetto. More and more of the black masses have no faith any longer in any outsider, black or white.

Nat Hentoff is a critic; in August, Viking Press will publish his book on race relations, The New Equality.

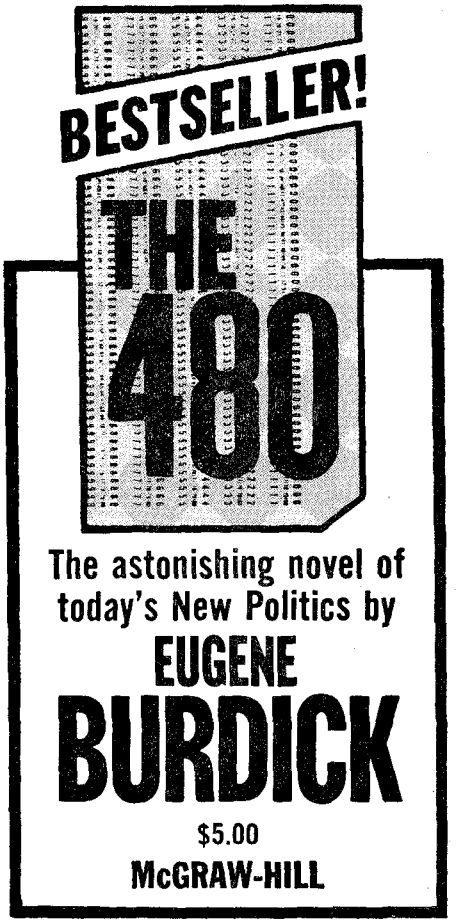
Sepia Deb Ball

NEW NEGRO POETS U.S.A. Edited by Langston Hughes. Indiana University Press. 127 pp. $4.95.

Marc Schleifer

There is intrinsic value to the *idea* of a volume of Afro-American poetry —a value that has to do with sensibility, not politics. An equivalent volume of "new white poets U.S.A." would obviously be as absurd as it is irrelevant, for as yet, the "whiteness" of an American poet is his central irrelevance. Sometimes I step outside the subway at 125th Street and only when I walk a few blocks into a solid black mass does my awareness of race, "color," begin to approach the "illogical" consciousness capable of penetrating into that zone from which we pull our poems. Anything else is empathy, good intentions and bad poetry. Better to send money to Malcolm X if you and I are *serious*.

A long quotation from an anonymous introduction to the work of five Afro-American poets appearing in a European publication (*Revolution*, Vol. 1, No. 9) sums up what this book could have been:



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"In an essay called 'The Myth of a Negro Literature,' LeRoi Jones once tried to point out that one reason there have been so few American Negro writers who have been at all interesting is that until recently most Afro-Americans who attempted to produce any literature in the United States were middle-class Negroes so committed to the ideals of white bourgeois North America that they could not get to the deepest and most expressive source of their own lives as black men in U.S. society. . . . If any man raises his arm to point out even a disappearing bird, it is his experience in the world and the honesty of his expression of that experience that makes the pointing beautiful, and not the fact of any strictly artificial hegemony (as oppressor or oppressed) in the world.

"Once this is understood, i.e., that it is the experience of the world that is most valuable, in any art, and not placement of it in terms of its 'relationship' to some arbitrary order or social, political and cultural concept then a writer, no matter what else he is, is at least face to face with the problem of art. The point being, that if the writer is true to his own personal understanding of the world, and somehow manages to get it all down in the manner that expresses that understanding most powerfully, *How, Why* and *Where* will get expressed as well, and if that writer is black, the most meaningful understanding of what black is will be expressed as a natural fact of his existence."

What about *New Negro Poets U.S.A.*? Langston Hughes doesn't offer his own introduction; instead we have to take Gwendolyn Brooks's word for it that "poets who happen also to be Negroes are twice-tried. They have to write poetry, and they have to remember that they are Negroes. Often they wish they could solve *the Negro question* [italics added] once and for all, and go on from such success to the composition of textured sonnets or buoyant villanelles. . . ." Etc.

Another sign of the alienation imbued in this book is that the poems have been "officially divided into five parts—lyrical, protest, personal and general descriptions, and personal, reflective statements." Instead of the *gesture*, we have *Uncle Lang's Treasury of Poems for Every Occasion.*

Why does an anthology like this get published? Certainly not for the *poems.* Out of thirty-seven contributors, I found six serious poets—LeRoi Jones, A. B. Spellman, Mari Evans, Carl Gardner, Margaret Danner, Allen Polite — and probably only the first three are really interesting. And since I am acquainted enough with the work of the first two to know that their strongest work has been omitted, what injustices may this volume (and my criticism based on it) be inflicting upon the other contributors?

As for omissions, two obvious ones are Joe Johnson—who is one of the editors of the magazine *Umbra*—and Lorenzo Thomas, a fine young poet from Long Island. I mention him, not simply as another point for criticism of this volume but to lead you to a poem:

The Pornography

The desk is brown where Milan sits,
emphatic days correct
these long clean sheets where he has collected
women for his papers. Now my hand rests
longingly on the keys
Yesterday I was no slave to such fake acrostic brilliance
My hand stuck in her groin, she whispers
"This is 5th Avenue, stupid. Please behave yourself until later."
And later it rained so heavily that the sink in the kitchen
backed up. I know it has something to do with
natural science. She dresses me tonight as her alchemist
and my green starry robes
fly like hounded birds gee whiz I am a prophet exalted in the wind.
"People, imagine what it is like to make love in an airplane
What are all these blue things," she says
as we leave the quiet red barn.
There's no God and there's no Buddha, said Gautama. This is not me.

Also omitted, curiously, was the dedication of Spellman's poem about a thief, written at the time of the Bay of Pigs: "For Allen Dulles."

Anthologies similar to this one have recently been published in England: *Negro Verse,* edited by Anselm Hollo for the Pocket Poets series and Penguin's *Modern Poetry from Africa,* edited by Gerald Moore and Ulli Beier. Neither book insults the reader, or the contributors. Hollo's ambition is the most exciting; his table of contents spans the American and African continents: blues and gospel, traditional African adaptations, as well as contemporary African and Afro-American poetry (which includes Aime Cesaire, Nicolás Guillén, Spellman, Jones). But Hollo's book is only 48 pages and frustrating for the slight tastes he offers.

New Negro Poets U.S.A. is the Sepia Deb Ball of American "verse." It is held together by no other fact than the knowledge that Langston Hughes had of the existence of thirty-seven black people writing poetry in America and "unknown"—compared, I assume, to Hughes or Brooks.

Marc Schleifer, writer and former editor of the literary magazine Kulchur, *edited* Negroes With Guns.

The Light in Tom's Eye

THE ANNOTATED UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Paul S. Eriksson. 591 pp. $7.50.

Quandra Prettyman Stadler

I did not read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a child. But I "knew" what it was about and I "knew" the characters of its characters. And I was somewhat disturbed by an apparent paradox: that a book whose purpose was to attack slavery, and whose theme was the evils of that institution as graphically exemplified by Eliza on the ice pursued by dogs, or Uncle Tom cruelly maltreated by Simon Legree, should contain such unsympathetic and slightly ridiculous characters as a hero whose name stood for a sort of black Quisling and a farcical slave-child. When I finally read the book, I began it to mock, and stayed to read.

It is, perhaps, the "Tom" plays which are responsible for the image of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a chase-and-flogging tale. Yet Harriet Beecher Stowe's primary concern was not to show the brutality of the peculiar institution. Why does she go to such pains to show us, not one, but two seemingly idyllic situations for slaves? Obviously, she found something more horrendous than brutality in slavery —and that, in fact, is what her book is about.

The major theme of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the corruption of marriage and the separation of the family. Not all slaves were treated with physical brutality; not all slaves were subjected to subhuman working and living conditions of a material nature. But there is no slave in the whole of

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Uncle Tom's Cabin who has not or does not suffer being torn from those closest to him by a bill of sale. Consider the dialogue of Eliza and Mr. Bird:

"Were you a slave?" said Mr. Bird.

"Yes, sir; I belonged to a man in Kentucky."

"Was he unkind to you?"

"No, sir; he was a good master."

"And was your mistress unkind to you?"

"No, sir—no! my mistress was always good to me."

"What could induce you to leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such dangers?"

[To Mrs. Bird] "Ma'am," she said suddenly, "have you ever lost a child?"

Even under "the mildest form of slavery," as Eliza's husband George observed, "Kind families get in debt, and the laws of *our* country allow them to sell the child out of its mother's bosom to pay its master's debts." And Haley, the slave trader, says: "'Tain't you know, as if it was white folks, that's brought up in the way of 'spectin to keep their children and wives and all that. Niggers, you know, that's fetched up properly, ha'n't no kind of 'spectations of no kind; so all things comes easier." The family so debauched is without meaning.

How Topsy became a comic figure amazes me — except when I remember the film versions of Faulkner's novels—for the Topsy of Mrs. Stowe's novel, particularly the Topsy of the great "I jest growed" comic scene is a pitiful—almost tragic—figure.

There stands Miss Ophelia. Her brother has brought her a present — a child of 8 or 9, "one of the blackest of her race" with "round shining eyes . . . her mouth, half open with astonishment . . . a white and brilliant set of teeth . . . woolly hair . . . braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction . . . dressed in a single, filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging." She is not Eliza of the rich, full, dark eyes with long lashes, the brown Eliza who can read and write, Eliza, the graceful, the beautiful. Toward Eliza, we immediately feel sympathy (and we still do), but before Topsy we stand as Miss Ophelia did, "silent, perfectly paralysed with amazement." And Miss Ophelia bluntly says, "I don't want her, I'm sure." Her brother chides, "That's you Christians all over! You'll get up a society and get some poor missionary to spend all his days among just such heathen. But let me see one of you that would take one into the house with you, and take the labor of their conversion on yourselves! No; when it comes to that, they are dirty and disagreeable, and it's too much care and so on."

But when Miss Ophelia can get none of the Negroes to wash Topsy, she sets about it herself with resolution and some disgust. It is during this scene that the "comic" dialogue takes place:

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dunno, Missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are? Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none! . . ."

"Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born! . . ."

"You musn't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your mother and father were."

"Never was born . . . never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. . . ."

"How long have you lived with your master, and mistress?"

"Dunno, Missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dunno, Missis. . . ."

"Have you ever heard about God, Topsy? . . . Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on. . . . I spect I grow'd. . . . Don't think nobody never made me."

"Do you know how to sew? . . ."

"No, Missis."

"What can you do? — what did you do for your master and mistress?"

"Fetch water, and wash dishes, and rub knives, and wait on folks."

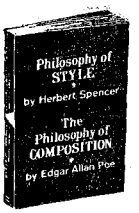
Topsy knows no past; as far as she is concerned she was not born. Neither the world of spirit nor the world of skill exists for her. Slavery has destroyed the family and replaced the child with the object. Topsy is not simply oppressed; she is, to herself, nothing. She is nobody's child, far from a comic character.

Uncle Tom is equally removed from being "an Uncle Tom." He is a Christian martyr; it is only his own life that he is willing to sacrifice. He is not the bitter rebel that George is — and to neglect George as commentators have, is t
the title and the
ally the story of
parallels that of Tom
listen to George is to
the "new Negro" is.

While he tries to cope wi
Legree with Christian humilit
does not surrender his conscien
him. He brings on his first beat
by refusing to flog a fellow slave
"I'm willin' to work, night and day,
and work while there's life and breath
in me," he tells Legree, "but this yer
thing I can't feel it's right to do; and
Mas'r, I *never* shall do it—*never!*"

When another slave, Cassy, plans her escape, and asks Tom to go along, he refuses, speaking of his duty to the Lord to love his enemies. But when she falters in her resolve, Tom to her amazement sends her off: "Try it, and I'll pray, with all my might, for you." Tom is without irony always, and there is none in Mrs. Stowe's apostrophe which follows this scene: "By what strange laws of mind is it that an idea long overlooked, and trodden under foot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in new light, as a discovered diamond?" This Uncle Tom is great-grandfather to the Invisible Man whose son found

Quandra Prettyman Stadler, a freelance writer and editor, has lectured at the New School for Social Research on the Negro in American fiction.



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strength to say
ı never told you,
war and I have been
y born days, a spy in
country ever since I give
ı back in Reconstruction.
ı your head in the lion's
I want you to overcome 'em
yeses, undermine 'em with grins,
ee 'em to death and destruction,
et 'em swallow you till they vomit
or bust wide open. . . . Learn it to
the younguns."

When Simon Legree discovers that Cassy is missing, he notices in Tom's eyes "a sudden light." The Tom of this scene, which ends in his death, is no figure of humility. Indeed, he tosses down a gauntlet, for when Legree asks where she is, Tom says, "I know, Mas'r; but I can't tell anything. *I can die!*"

There is much else for modern readers of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—if they will pause to read the book. One of Mrs. Stowe's sub-themes concerns the corruption of the slaveholder in a slaveholding society. The ancestors of our contemporary dilemmas are here in St. Clare who thinks he can operate morally in an immoral society, in the gentle Shelbys who wring their truly pious hands and sell the slaves, or move away when a Negro family moves in, and all those whose conversations parallel one overheard on shipboard in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*:

"Poor creatures!"
"What's that?"
"Some poor slaves below."
"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!"
"O, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject. . . . I've been south, and I must say that I think the Negroes are better off than they would be free."
"In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant. . . . The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections—the separating of families for example."
"That is a bad thing, certainly . . . but then, I fancy, it don't occur often."
". . . Suppose, ma'am, your two children, there, should be taken from you, and sold?"
"We can't reason from our feelings to those of this class of persons."

As Edmund Wilson observed in 1948, Mrs. Stowe wrote "a more startling book than one has ever been allowed to suspect."

It is shameful that the book has now been annotated and produced so badly—and so expensively. This new edition contains a mere thirty pages of notes which are, for the most part, either incomplete and unclear, or obvious and unnecessary like the following:

The North Star was a symbol and a guide for the escaping slave, for it pointed the way he wanted to go.
Rusks are a form of bread.
Tuberculosis, or consumption as it was then called, was the fashionable disease for a well-born and delicate young girl like Eva to have.

The most interesting as well as the most useful notes are those taken from *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a fascinating compendium which is out of print. Since the information in the *Key* is not easily available, we might have been given more of it. Stern also omits the author's introduction to the 1881 edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, on the grounds that she "said very little that was not already known about her book and the writing of it." He dismisses as padding the tributes from Jenny Lind, Charles Dickens, George Sand, Florence Nightingale and other contemporaries. Whatever purpose they may have seemed to serve in 1881, in 1964 they matter as indications of contemporary response. Indeed a "special" edition might well have added, not dropped, commentaries—or at least offered a bibliography of them. Instead, we have three pages of bibliographical description of the first edition — too much for the casual reader, too little for anyone seriously interested in the remarkable publication history of the book. There are, in fact, a host of things which could have been included; of particular interest would be the text—or a narrative reconstructed from contemporary accounts — of a Tom play.

The editor's preface shares the shortcomings of the Notes and is as awkwardly written as can be imagined. While longer than prefaces to the cheaper editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in print today, it is in no way superior. Philip Van Doren Stern, a noted Civil War scholar and author of *The Man Who Killed Lincoln*, makes it clear that he has little regard for Mrs. Stowe or her book. She was, he says, unable "to put her strongly felt emotions into prose as powerful as her message"—and worse, her book offset its effectiveness in helping to abolish slavery by perpetuating false stereotypes of the Negro. Such conclusions can only stem from a careless reading of the book, together with a careless understanding of the literary conventions within which she wrote. Incredibly, Stern himself says: "Too many people make snap judgments without bothering to examine what Mrs. Stowe wrote."

Despite the sentimentality, coincidences, preachiness and rickety endings, Mrs. Stowe—unlike her lady contemporaries who also wrote novels about slavery—remains readable. Her strength was the ability to create characters of great vitality. That is why, in recent years, there have been at least seven hard-cover editions of her book in print. Stern's volume is worse than a badly done job. An opportunity such as this—to produce a definitive edition with whatever added matter as might be appropriate — once missed, comes not again for a long time.

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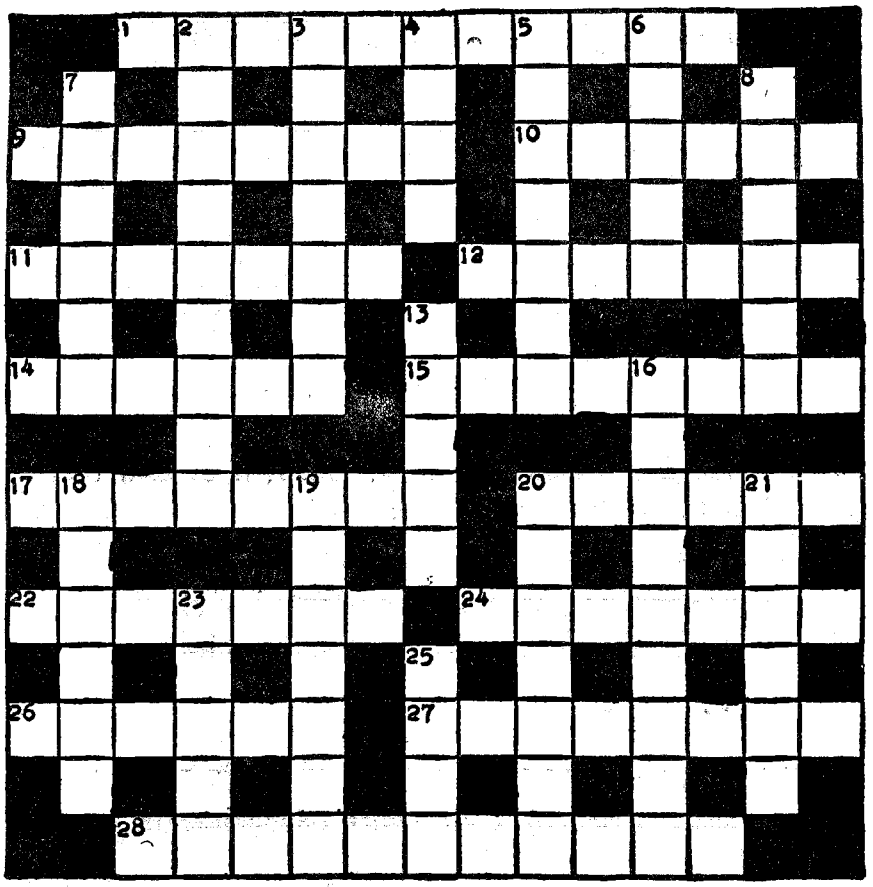
Crossword Puzzle No. 1065

By Fk. . W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Give a belt to Ketch, perhaps? (One's can't sit down!) (11)
9 Remembered as a misbehaving ambassador might be. (8)
10 Usually less than a ninth of an animal or a ninth of a man, as the saying goes. (6)
11 Do they push things away and shift for themselves? (7)
12 File the story of a fink, by the sound of it. (7)
14 Desert color. (6)
15 A cover to put on, as a matter of habit. (8)
17 One might take a piece on board. (8)
20 What one takes to get to the top in England? Exaltation! (6)
22 Done any thing to relieve distress?
24 Benny was certainly one with a stick! (7)
26 and 28 Does it make a dictator sort of blue to struggle? (6-8, 3)
27 They might draw out the yarn and help make a good catch. (8)
28 See 26 across

DOWN:

2 Can they afford an entrance with proper carriage and quick exits on the stage? (4, 5)
3 One might maintain a balance in the bank. (7)
4 and 13 Were the followers of Astor so stuffy? (4-5)
5 The price of eggs, of a sort, or just salt. (7)
6 Equivalent to the start of Hamlet's soliloquy. (5)
7 Convention city? (6)
8 One might find it in Montez, or a much younger girl. (6)
13 See 4 down
16 A lad I once met in the old country. (9)
18 Gives respect to Jack, being the lowest man of them. (6)
19 Cuts down public accommodation inside, with rather small portions of Friday's fare. (7)
20 A note on such a battered piano should be anything but sour. (7)
21 Distinctive characteristics. (6)
23 River, alternatively a giver. (5)
25 Sit a spell at one place. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1064

ACROSS: 1 Down the hatch; 9 Stationary; 10 Iran; 11 Discusses; 12 Antics; 13 Godot; 15 Yielding; 16 Irishism; 19 Scrap; 21 Dative; 22 Couriers; 24 Soda; 25 Rubber band; 26 Henceforward. DOWN: 2 Outrigger canoe; 3 Noticed; 5 Hearsay; 6 Toymakers; 7 Hoisted; 8 Dancing partner; 14 Trihedron; 17 Spinach; 18 Macabre; 20 Rainbow; 23 and 4 down Use no hooks.

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